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Boruto the Movie Novelization, Prologue

Translator's Note: Yo guys, we meet again. The prologue is pretty short, and likely to tickle the fancies of any Sasuke fans around. As always, if you like the chapter, [please consider buying a copy of the novel to support the original author!](#) And for anyone wondering about canonicity/extra scenes, please see [here](#).

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Prologue

Once, there had been a war.

Ootsutsuki Kaguya, who had given humans the power of chakra in the age of Myths, had been reincarnated and become an enemy to all shinobi.

The battle that took place at that time been far more intense, severe, and full of suffering than any ninja could relate in words.

In the midst of that fight, there had been two heroes.

One was a man who had become a hero while Konohagakure was collapsing. Uzumaki Naruto.

The other was an aloof man who had been born into Konohagakure's renowned Uchiha clan, and walked a vicissitude path because of an unfortunate turn of fate. Uchiha Sasuke.

Their fight assured victory for every shinobi.

In the far off past, shinobi had descended from a single ancestor, but broken apart despite that, and fought against each other.

In that victory against Kaguya, it was possible that the people called shinobi had obtained their first Union.

However, the story didn't end there.

Those shinobi's battle wasn't over.

It was terribly dark...like everything was covered in ink.

The man was running through that darkness without the slightest bit of hesitation.

His eyes weren't that of an ordinary person.

His eyes held a complex pattern, proof that he was person of lineage to a restricted bloodline, the holder of a doujutsu.

Besides, for this man, things like the dark weren't enough to scare him.

The man's name was Uchiha Sasuke.

He was a shinobi whose muscles were like a steel wire that had been forged out of the best steel, and then tempered overall.

That said, it wasn't pointless sinew. His muscles were practical in the same way a leopard or lion's would be, with some faint softness of fat remaining.

So this is Ootsutsuki Kaguya's castle, huh...

In the past, Sasuke and his comrades had defeated Kaguya. It was because Kaguya had set out to have all shinobi sacrificed to her, and to absorb their chakra. It was obvious that they'd show no compassion to that sort of clan.

However, it was a fact that a great mystery remained after her defeat.

Where had the Ootsutsuki come from?

What had they set out to do with the artificially made shinobi, the white zetsu?

What would be the meaning behind harvesting chakra fruit?

It boiled down to the fundamental question: what were shinobi?

It was a shame, but the chance meeting between Naruto and Sage of Six Paths had been a once in a lifetime thing, and the information they'd gotten from the lone member of the Ootsutsuki who now lived on the moon was very little.

That was why Sasuke had spent this past ten-odd years investigating that mystery.

It was because shinobi were beings who existed to gather information. Just ending a matter when its details were still unknown was unthinkable.

And now, Sasuke had finally stepped foot on the historical ruins of what looked to be the Ootsutsuki Castle.

...There aren't any traces of anyone having lived here for a long time. Looks like it's best to think of it as an abandoned base.

He wondered how far they had walked.

Sasuke spotted a lone scroll inside the darkness.

It wasn't placed in a way that stuck out. Amongst countless rotten scrolls, it was the only one intact. Someone without Sasuke's rare skills of observation wouldn't have been able to spot it.

Sasuke carefully took the scroll into his hands, and while making sure it's outside wasn't eroded, tied it to his belt.

A document that had been treated so it could withstand the passage of time had to be some confidential piece of evidence.

Outside the window, lightning cut through the shades of black upon black.

And, simultaneously, a slashing attack approached.

An enemy, huh.

This was Sasuke's thought process as he dodged the blow:

This attack couldn't be from a group of friendly troops who were in the middle of conducting strategy tactics. It definitely couldn't be any ordinary citizen.

Then, it had to be an enemy.

Who the enemy was, or why they were trying to kill him, such analysis would be better left to when things were calmer.

The naked blade that had swung down on him had been bloodthirsty, but he had dodged and was still alive.

For now, that was more than enough.

Chidori!

Sasuke tempered his chakra, accumulating it in his right arm.

His lightning release took on the form of plasma in his hand, striking against the ions in the atmosphere. The chi-chi-chi sound released almost had the same feeling as the sound crows made.

The two men's attacks intersected.

!

The enemy were ogres.

image

Like something that would come out of a children's book, they were two men with horns growing out of their heads.

There was one giant man, and another younger, incredibly beautiful man who was being carried in the giant's hand.

The way they moved showed that there was no mistaking that they were shinobi, or perhaps samurai, but in that moment, Sasuke remembered something.

Kaguya!

The Ootsutsuki clan. They had horns. You could say it was one of the biggest differences between them and their human descendants.

Two men with horns growing out of their foreheads were here, in Kaguya's castle. That could only mean one thing.

"You aren't Kaguya, are you?" The young man raised his voice in a manner that asked for Sasuke to identify himself. He had slashed at him, so the young man probably was carrying out a confirmation.

Sasuke kicked against the ground and leaped up.

It looked like his opponent was disturbed by their encounter as well.

I don't know what kind of paranormal techniques they can use, but...

If he panicked, his techniques would be useless anyway.

Kaguya had died. In this world, there wasn't such a thing as immortality.

I just need to aim for their heads!

Without hesitation, Sasuke was leaping upwards with the intention of aiming at the back of the giant's neck.

“!”

Sasuke didn't expect the man to take action later than he did.

It was just that Sasuke was fast.

When people are about to move, their muscles will tense slightly in preparation for the movement. Sasuke's eyes never overlooked that “source” of imminent movement. That was why it was possible for him to move before his opponent did.

Thunder's blade cut through the dark.

My attack was too shallow!

The giant's horn spiralled in mid-air.

However, it wasn't a fatal wound. The giant stumbled backwards, then pulled out a broadaxe for a counterattack.

They have the position of advantage here.

While showing that he could leap back to avoid the blow, Sasuke leapt up. The battleaxe skimmed underneath him, cutting a huge rift through the floor.

It was terrifying strength.

It couldn't be thought of as simple muscle power. It had to be that the giant was strengthening his muscles with some kind of jutsu.

Physical combat is a bad idea.

He'd managed to obtain information.

Sasuke didn't have any thoughts of it being cowardly to turn his back and run here.

For shinobi, carrying out your mission was for more important than anything else.

Right now, Sasuke's mission was to work to get information relating to Kaguya to the bitter end. He'd obtained the scroll too.

He'd also understood that people of the Ootsusuki bloodline were making a move. That being the case, he had no reason to linger here for long. If he ended up getting himself killed, he wouldn't be able to pass on the info to Naruto and the others.

And so, Sasuke ran.

Sasuke's sprint was so fast that the average shinobi couldn't possibly hope to keep up.

But, the two ogres kept up with him.

As expected, they weren't average beings.

The castle had started crumbling after that last blow, too.

But Sasuke's feet didn't falter. Sasuke's steps didn't falter even inside darkness.

Sasuke exited the castle.

The statues that stood outside it told tales of how this place once prospered.

Sasuke kept running.

Running was his duty as a ninja.

"You can't run away!" The giant roared, shortening the distance between them.

A battleaxe flew towards Sasuke.

Chop!

But, the thing that the giant's battleaxe had cut hadn't been Sasuke's neck.

It was the stone arm of a statue that, only a moment ago, hadn't been there.

"A statue?!" The Ootsutsuki exclaimed, "He switched places!"

The giant, as well as the young man who had run behind, both had surprise painted bare on their faces.

"The rinnegan, is it?" The young man said, and his beautiful lips curved into a blood red smile.

There was no such thing as eternal peace.

This was true in much the same way as how there was no such thing as eternal war.

However, that didn't mean that fighting for peace was pointless.

Rather, the opposite.

It wasn't pointless, because no matter the circumstances, people always guarded against war even when they were at peace, and prayed for the fighting to end even when they were in war.

Because people, shinobi, they had that sort of final bit of wisdom in them.

Wisdom like, for example, knowing that you couldn't escape the karma from your previous battles...

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Boruto the Movie Novelization, chapter one

Translator's Note: Phew, sorry for being late, had a bit of a rough time in rl world lol. This is a really long chapter (40 pages, 6.5 k) so I advise reading it bit by bit. It also answers quite a lot of questions. Father-son tension, and new gen dynamics abound! (Also I've had no time to proofread, so I'll check for typos later, apologies if you see any.)

As always, if you like the chapter, [please consider buying a copy of the novel to support the original author!](#) And for anyone wondering about canonicity/extra scenes, please see [here](#).

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Chapter one: a Hero's Child

There was a young boy who was always gazing at the sight of his father's large back.

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image

His father was a hero.

He wasn't an ordinary hero.

He was a hero who'd saved the world.

Even inside the successive Hokage who'd spanned seven generations, his father's name was the kind that would be written in gold, a hero among heroes.

The Seventh Hokage, Uzumaki Naruto.

That was his father's name.

It was an incredibly dazzling name...and a heavy one as well.

.

His father wasn't only responsible with looking after their own family.

The boy wasn't so much of a child that he couldn't understand that fact.

"But, that's why I keep telling you...that isn't a good excuse to not look my way y'know..."

But, because it was unavoidable that the boy would end up feeling like that, nobody scolded or reprimanded him for those feelings.

Most of the village of Konohagakure was configured by residential buildings surrounded by large amounts of nature.

There were places within that nature where people who worked in agricultural manufacturing lived, or places where people supplied some of the many provisions of nature, lumber not being the last.

Those people's residences were no more than small islands inside the huge ocean that went by the name of a forest.

The young boy, Uzumaki Boruto, was now running through that huge forest.

He was a boy who had inherited his father's golden hair and blue eyes, and resembled his mother with his gentle facial features.

On his forehead his hiatai-ate, which was proof of being a ninja, shone radiantly.

Had he become a genin -the lowest rank of shinobi- because he wanted to chase after his father, or because he wanted to part ways with his father?

Boruto wasn't sure yet.

Neither his mother or father had ever told him to become a ninja, but there was no mistake that his surroundings had expected it.

No— he himself, when he'd been far younger, had definitely thought that he naturally wanted to be a ninja like his father.

But now, I'm...

"Boruto, don't space out!"

"I wasn't!"

The one who was running next to him was a genin who was in his three-man-cell, his classmate, Uchiha Sarada. Characteristic thick glasses and black hair, a gloomy young girl. Lately, she'd become quite popular among their male ninja classmates, but if you asked her childhood playmate Boruto, then—

"She's just gotten a bit taller lately, she's the same Sarada as always, isn't she?"

—is what he would say.

"Boruto, you lead ahead."

The one who spoke now was Mitsuki, the other member of their three-man-cell.

His surname was unknown.

He wasn't someone from Konoha.

He'd unexpectedly showed up at the Academy, and then somewhere along the line become a face that felt like he'd always belonged to the class, someone who felt like a protective spirit from a fairytale.

Well, ninja organisations had lots of secrets, and communication with the other side wasn't thick, so it wasn't surprising to have a shinobi whose lineage wasn't known. That was what their teacher, Konohamaru had said.

It was probable that something like that was the case in reality.

As Boruto ran, he made a seal with his hands.

Shadow Clone Technique!

In an instant, the numbers of running Boruto's had changed to three.

The Shadow Clone Technique, which allowed a person to use their chakra to make three copies of themselves who held their consciousness, was Naruto, Boruto's father's speciality. The fact that Boruto could master this technique that had once been banned in the past was a sign of his rare talent.

But, the reason nobody caused a stir about it was because Boruto was '**Uzumaki Naruto's son**'.

Naruto's son learning the Shadow Clone was as natural as a falcon's chick flying through the sky, and didn't merit showing surprise over.

It was something that irritated Boruto to a great extent.

He leapt up.

He passed out of the green forest, and found the blue sky spreading out before his eyes.

In the vegetable plots close to the woodlands, a black and white animal was munching as he ate the produce there.

There was no greenery left in the ridges around the panel.

It was a carefree scene, but from the farmer's point of view there was no joke about it. If he couldn't get any compensation from the village of Konoha, then he wouldn't be able to get past the winter.

It was a natural situation for the D-rank missions ninja were requested to do.

"You've sure laid waste to the place, haven't you...? I'm your opponent, you shitty panda!"

Boruto's three alighted
selves made a proud
display.



He got his kunai ready in his hand.

"This is a bear*, so-" Sarada said.

"Wha?"

His childhood friend was always bothered by small details.

"It's really a bear that just *looks* like an atrocious panda!!" Sarada said*

"It'll be easy, easy." Boruto said "It's just a lame panda, yknow!"

"I'm telling you it's a bear!! It'll be bad to take it lightly, bone-head Boruto!!"

Strictly speaking, the panda-bear is an independent strain belonging to the panda-bear genus, ursinae family,

arctoidea infraorder, caniformia suborder of carnivores. In the same way that the bear belongs to the ursus genus, ursinae family of carnivores, the panda belongs to the giant panda genus, giant panda suborder, ursinae family of carnivores. In that sense, you could call them related species.

But, as Mitsuki put it: "It doesn't really matter which one it is, does it?"

That was the current case.

"Right now," Mitsuki said, "Our three man cell's first priority is to bring this...panda bear to Konohamaru-sensei!"

However, the panda bear acted first.

"GUAAAAAAHHHHHHH!"

With a roar, the panda bear turned towards them and started sprinting,

It looked like it wasn't afraid of people.

Which meant that if it was left alone, there was no telling what kind of injuries it could give villagers.

A panda bear's body weight is close to one tonne.

Having one run towards you was no different from a boulder rushing towards you.

"!"

Next to Boruto, Mitsuki had extended his arms as if they were made of rope.

image

It wasn't that he intended to bring down the panda bear by himself.

Rather, like a lasso, Mitsuki's arms surrounded the panda bear's legs to impede its charge.

"SHANNA-WHA?!"

Sarada, who had been about to strike with the superhuman strength she'd inherited from her mother, found herself blocked by one Boruto.

"Oraaa!" Boruto's two Kage Bunshin struck the panda bear in the face.

He didn't intend to bring down the animal with that blow— though it's possible that it might have gone down with Sarada's punch, bringing the animal down wasn't the objective of their mission.

The panda bear who'd been hit in the face, right in a place where sensitive nerves were gathered in his eyes and snout, let out a taken aback shriek, and started to run away with the speed of lightning.

Piercing a blow through the panda bear's bulky layers of fat was impossible for humans without increasing their strength with chakra, but when it came to just letting them experience pain, that was certainly possible.

Wild animals don't want to die, after all.

Humans were the only ones who walked towards certain death even though they didn't want to die.

"See!" Boruto's face burst into a grin at him outwitting Sarada, "It was easy, taking care of that panda!"

It wasn't that he hated Sarada.

That wasn't it at all.

It wasn't that, but, to put it simply, Sarada's eyes were always watching him, so he wanted to look good in front of her.

'Rivalry' is what it was.

Probably.

Boruto ran after the panda.

"As expected of the Seventh Hokage's son, and the Fourth's grandson...I wonder if Boruto will one day become Hokage too...?" Mitsuki commented.

He wasn't being sarcastic.

Sarada knew that, too.

The elusive young Mitsuki always said whatever passed through his mind. He was the type of person that was called 'someone who can't read the atmosphere'.

"Someone who can't read the atmosphere is valuable." Konohamaru-sensei had once said, in the past. "If everyone limited what they said to suit the atmosphere, then their whole organisation could fall to ruin without anyone noticing that it was happening, because they were all going with the flow of the mood. Organisations need people who give fair arguments unaffected by the atmosphere. Especially those with ninja. The Seventh Hokage's like that, too. No matter what the situation, he never tries to fit the mood, and always speaks the truth."

Well, there was certainly a bad side to never reading the atmosphere too, but it wasn't that Mitsuki was incapable of being considerate with his words. It was just that most of the time, he chose not to be. He always choose the most sound solution, and got a baffled look on his face when other people didn't.

That was why the words that had just left Mitsuki's mouth were an objective observation.

Boruto had blocked Sarada's movement, simultaneously controlled his two kage bushin, and landed a hit on the nimble panda.

Over all, it wasn't the technique of a genin.

His actions were chuunin...no, maybe even jounin class.

But.

While Uzumaki Boruto was the son of the famed Naruto, Uchiha Sarada was the daughter of the famed Sasuke and Sakura.

She couldn't lose to him over something like that.

No, it wasn't even a question of blood.

It was a question of a shinobi's will.

"The one who's going to become Hokage is me!!" Sarada ran after Boruto as well.

60 km/h.

That's the speed of a running bear.

That was why it was useless for normal people to run away from a bear. And naturally, since the panda bear was a close relative, its speed was equal, or rather, even more than that of a bear's.

Boruto and the others could still keep up with the panda bear because while they were young, they were ninja.

Boruto, Sarada, and Mitsuki, the three of them were half-surrounding the panda as they herded it forwards.

Konohamaru-sensei was standing a little ways ahead of them.

Konohamaru was a jounin who was the grandson of the third Hokage, Sarutobi Hiruzen. He was a veteran shinobi who gave off the impression of a sharp blade.

Since he was Boruto and the others' mentor, you could understand the expectations attached to the three of them.

There was a weapon wrapped around his arm, something like a gauntlet, that Boruto had never seen before.

Konohamaru turned the pointed end of the gauntlet towards the panda.

"GUOOOH...!?"

It was a shadow.

A shadow had restrained the panda's shadow and stopped it from moving.

There wasn't any need to use the usual strong wire used for restraining dangerous animals to bind the shadow-bound panda.

"Thank you very much, thank you very much." The villagers repeated, praising them over and over again.

It wasn't unreasonable.

If they'd come a few days later, the village might've disappeared. No, more than that, it was definitely fortunate that they'd caught the panda bear before it could find out what human meat tasted like.

"The retrieval team will come and handle the rest," Said Konohamaru.

"Uhm...Konohamaru-sensei..." Sarada was looking at Konohamaru with a mystified expression.

"Mm?"

"The technique you used to stop the bear... that was the Nara Clan's hidden technique, the Kageshibari, wasn't it....?"

"Yeah." Konohamaru checked that the villagers were out of range, and then pulled out the weapon from earlier. "It's a ninja tool of a model gauntlet that shoots out jutsu."

In his left hand, he held a scroll that looked like the size of a small bullet. They didn't look unlike the bullets that the ninja weapon called Dankyuu shot out with string.

"...So cool!" Boruto couldn't control the excited shaking of his heart as he looked at the weapon. He was a kid who liked mechanics. He also liked weapons. There was no way he could say 'no' to a machine that was a weapon.

"Is that the rumoured new ninja tool?"

"You've got sharp ears, Mitsuki." Konohamaru said, "Yeah, this is a prototype from the Scientific Ninja Tool Division. The worth of the data inside this was really shown inside this time's mission."

"Those are really small scrolls...are you saying that jutsu's inside them?"

"You can seal jutsu inside these lil' guys. Right now, they've got Shikamaru-san's Kageshibari sealed in them."

I see, Sarada thought to herself with a silent nod. If that jutsu belonged to the young Head of the Nara Clan, Shikamaru, then it wasn't odd for it to be used.

Konohamaru took out one of the leftover scrolls.

"If it's my rasengan then..."

A rasengan emerged in Konohamaru's right hand.

In the past, Boruto's father Naruto had learned the technique from the ninjutsu master Jiraiya, and then Naruto had taught it to Konohamaru. It was a technique that could destroy things by producing a swirl of highly dense chakra.

Boruto couldn't do the rasengan.

He'd tried it once or twice, but he wasn't able to grasp how to start forming it. He couldn't understand the finer details of chakra management.

Konohamaru brought out that same rasengan, and sealed it inside the scroll in his left hand.

"You do this..." Konohamaru pulled out the gauntlet. He loaded the scroll into the mechanical part of the gauntlet. "And then you can fire it!"

As soon as the words left Konohamaru's mouth, the rasengan was fired out of the pointed edge of the gauntlet. It felled countless trees, soaring like a strong gale.

"WOOOOOOOOAHHH!"

Boruto was incredibly impressed.

To fire a rasengan from your hand, even Naruto needed substantial training and a combination of wind release. But if you used this ninja tool, you could pull it off in a single second.

Even the cool-headed Sarada couldn't hide her surprise.

"That's...that's amazing." She said. "Can anyone use it?"

"Yeah..." Konohamaru replied. "It doesn't matter if you have the chakra necessary or not...to go to further extremes, it wouldn't even matter if you weren't a ninja."

"Konohamaru-sensei." Mitsuki tugged at Konohamaru's sleeve.

The teacher didn't notice, and continued with his explanation. "The trajectory of the jutsu isn't controlled by your chakra, so there's the problem of it veering off target a little bit, though..."

'A little bit' wasn't the phrase to use.

It looked like Konohamaru's rasengan had gone way off target. The trees that the rasengan destroyed had collapsed onto the closest thing next to them: the farmer's house.

"....."

Konohamaru saw the villagers who'd surrounded the panda bear now turning to face them with flaming, angry eyes.

A familiar voice was echoing from the LCD TV.

When had all the TVs turned into flat LCDs? Boruto tried to shift through his memories.

In the farthest back memory he could recall, he thought that Ichiraku's television used to be a CRT display. Was it still a CRT? But then it couldn't receive digital signals, right? So that had to mean it had already changed to being an LCD. No, had it maybe been an LCD from the start?

One thing that's precious for ninja are their memories. Konohamaru's lecture crossed Boruto's mind.

'...It wouldn't do if we couldn't continue to protect the peace and prosperity that has brought about our highly information-advanced society. And now, about the approaching Chuunin Exams which're held jointly with the Five Villages...do you have any comments to give to all the Genin candidates? Naruto-san.' The neatly dressed, pretty-faced and popular-looking news caster on the screen reached out her microphone with a smile on her face.

Boruto knew who she was reaching the microphone towards without needing to look.

It was his dad.

'There are three important things! Teamwork, and willpower...' Naruto's eyes wondered left and right.

He probably couldn't think of the third one.

Dad was always like that.

He wasn't an eloquent speaker like Gaara or Shikamaru.

Boruto thought his dad should be more self-aware.

Stuff like Boruto getting up in the morning and forgetting to put on his socks and getting scolded by his mother, those would be solved if Boruto was a bit less forgetful, too.

"Willpower!" Naruto said on the screen. *"Everyone do your best!"*

“...Turns out they were two things, weren’t they?” The newscaster continued speaking. She had the skill of a pro.
“Thank you for your wonderful comment. We’ve sent everyone off with this live broadcast today.”

The Naruto on the LCD screen disappeared with a *poof!*

It had been one of his shadow clones.

It wasn’t very surprising.

Being aware of the parallel consciousness’ of your Kage Bunshin as they started doing work was pretty hard, but it created the possibility for “the same one person” to do several things at once.

Even at this very moment, Naruto was probably in various places like construction sites or training grounds, carrying out daily tasks.

Naruto could make so many Kage Bunshin’s because he had a very large chakra reserve.

His dad had that reserve because a spirit called a “Bijuu” was inside his body.

Boruto had heard thoroughly about how his father had suffered from birth because of his circumstances, from his mother as well as other adults.

But that...

“Oi, are you listening to me, Boruto?!” Naruto snapped.

“Yeah, I’m listening.”

Next to the TV that had been showing the news, there was a mountain of overflowing piles of empty coffee cans and nutrition drink packets.

That was the compensation for carrying out the superhuman feat of integrating the consciousness of countless numbers of kage bunshin and making decisions for each one of them.

“Dad who’s here now is probably a Kage Bunshin too, huh?” Boruto said.

“This is the Hokage’s office! As if I could be possibly be one! And in this situation, you’re not supposed to call me Dad, but either Hokage or Seventh!”

Naruto had been angry for a while now.

Well, Boruto thought it was natural that he’d be pissed.

They’d caused so much damage earlier that it would be fair to call their mission a failure.

It hadn’t been good to use Konohamaru sensei’s Sexy Jutsu to trick everyone and run away either.

That’s why every member of Team Konohamaru was in trouble.

Every now and then, our sensei acts like a kid and gets carried away...

Boruto was aware that if his dad didn't scold him thoroughly here, it would be showing favouritism to his son. He also understood the reasoning behind going to the trouble of calling the down to the Hokage's office too.

If he'd been in his dad's standpoint, he'd probably be angry too.

And that was exactly why Boruto felt irritated.

His father wasn't seeing the whole picture.

Was Uzumaki Naruto really someone who prioritised an adult's reasoning over everything else?

"Oh, well..." Boruto drawled, "It was a very simple mission, sir! I could've pulled off a mission like this all by myself, yknow!"

"Teamwork and will-power are precious things for a shinobi!" Naruto said, "Cooperating as three people in training as well is..."

"Even if I don't do any training, I can already make three Kage Bunshin, and Wind Release and Lightning Release, and lately Water Release too!"

These were facts.

Uzumaki Boruto was a prodigy.

If he tried something, he could do it.

A lot of people said that while there were the large chakra reserves he'd inherited from his father, it was probably the Hyuuga blood he'd inherited from his mother Hinata. The Hyuuga were Konoha's most renowned clan. It wasn't strange for that kind of genius to manifest from the blood of the Hyuuga's lady Hinata.

That talent wasn't surprising.

That was why, it had no worth in evaluations either.

Was that how things were?

"Konohamaru!" Naruto snapped. His angry voice could be heard even from a distance. "What have you been teaching him this whole time...?!"

"Uh, no, I, ahaha." Konohamaru laughed nervously.

"This doesn't have anything to do with sensei, does it?!!" Boruto raised his voice.

This wasn't it.

image

This wasn't what Boruto wanted to see.

Stuff like the politics between a superior and subordinate in ninja ranks...this wasn't the whole picture.

"As a shinobi," Naruto continued, "The important thing is...!"

...well, he hadn't thought his dad would understand.

"More importantly," Boruto cut in, "As a dad, today's an important day...you do know what I mean, right?"

Boruto slammed a hand against his father's desk, trying to make his face as severe as possible. It wasn't that he thought his veteran father would be afraid of something like that, but fighting spirit was important for young boys.

"If you even forget about my little sister's birthday, then I'm not going to forgive you."

When Naruto let Boruto's own birthday pass while caught up with work, it was unforgivable, but Boruto forgave it.

But his little sister Himawari, she was still so much younger than he was.

She wouldn't be able to understand the difference between a parent and a Hokage.

"..."

Naruto's face finally looked pained.

If Boruto hadn't been able to see that pained expression, he would've been troubled.

Right now, seeing that face was the most important thing for Boruto.

That was why Boruto wasn't able to notice how, next to him, Sarada was glancing at the side of his profile with a somewhat sad expression.

The strained atmosphere was broken by the arrival of Katasuke, the leader of the Scientific Ninja Tool Division.

He was the sort of man who wore clothes that wore 'egg head' written all over them, and to make matters worse, a bow necktie. He was someone who stood out amongst the Seventh's Era.

"I have come to appeal to the you, Seventh, as the leader of the Scientific Ninja Tool Division." Katasuke began speaking without paying any mind to the presence of Boruto and the rest of Team Konohamaru. "We want you to give permission for our scientific ninja tool to be used in this year's Chuunin Exams."

With an extremely exaggerated pose, Katasuke pulled out that same gauntlet from before. It had a chrome plating, and looked solid and stylish. It made the scratched and worn shuriken that hung on the walls look old-fashioned and lame.

"If we standardize and mass produce this gauntlet that can shoot out the ninjutsu of superior shinobi, then there will be no need for Genin to go through severe training, and the range of each person's individual jutsu will increase exponentially! It'll be extremely pleasing to the eye during performance as well!"

Naruto's reply was point-blank.

"It won't do."

"Why, Hokage-sama?"

"The Chuunin Exams aren't a performance... They're for raising shinobi." Naruto said. "I acknowledge that your tool is useful, but if we use something like that in the Chuunin Exams, there won't be an examination on its use, will there? After all, at present, that device isn't used continuously in platoons."

Naruto's reasoning was sound.

The Chuunin Exams evaluated the ability to take command as a platoon leader.

People often misunderstood this, but the difference between a genin and a chuunin wasn't fighting ability or strength in battle.

The quality that was desired in a shinobi who would undergo secret missions was the ability to bring back their subordinates alive and carry out their mission successfully. Ninja higher than the rank of Chuunin were excellent in their individual battles **as a plus**, and nothing more.

So if the gauntlet became a standard ninja weapon used amongst genin, it was only then that there would come a day when there would be questions in the Chuunin Exam covering gauntlet technique and knowledge, because at that time the weapon would be in continual use in platoons. However, that wasn't the case right now.

However, Boruto couldn't grasp Naruto's reasoning.

He thought that if it was a useful tool, then it was best to use it.

The arrival of peace had allowed secret military technology to be released to the public consumers all of a sudden, and the feedback to that military technology had given birth to the world of technological innovation.

For Boruto, who had grown up in the middle of all that, his father's current caution looked like the devious actions of the older generation trying to control the new one.

It felt like his father wasn't properly facing the new era straight on.

"Our era is different from your lame one." Boruto snapped. Not wanting to look at his father's face any longer, he shook off Konohamaru's grasp, and exited the room.

Naruto's voice called out after him, but nothing more than that.

The one who came down the corridor after Boruto wasn't Naruto or Konohamaru, but Katasuke.

It wasn't as if they didn't know each other.

They had an acquaintance of **mutual assistance**.

Being the son of the Hokage wasn't all bad. There were **side-benefits**.

"The data for the new work." Katasuke said, holding out a business-like, boorish looking memory card. Boruto casually pocketed.

"Thanks as always! I'll be counting on you for the data for the next software too."

"Of course...by the way, young master, are you intending to enter the Chuunin Exams as well?"

The moment Boruto heard the words 'Chuunin Exams', his mood turned terribly sour.

Nothing had changed since he'd become a genin.

What would happen if he became a chuunin?

“...I’m not entering.”

“Aw well, that’s a shame...” Katasuke was used to this. He wore a charming smile as he accepted the flash of Boruto’s ill temper.

Engineers weren’t frequently self-righteous people. They were skilful at presentations, had excellent sociability and strong communication skills. Even among younger engineers, acting flashy wasn’t something that got praised.

“I’m sure everyone would have liked to see the young master’s true abilities.” Katasuke continued, “Especially...your father.”

Boruto’s ears twitched a little at the word ‘father’.

“Does the Hokage...watch the Chuunin Exams?”

“Of course he does.” Katasuke cheerfully smiled.

Crimson blood splattered over the marble fortress.

With a loud shriek like a wild boar or pig, the neck of a hideously green-skinned giant flew off.

“Inojin! Two orcs went in that direction!”

“I’ll take care of them!”

The pretty young boy clothed in a pure white robe, Yamanaka Inojin, lifted the evergreen oak cane in his hand, and as he did, a fleeting lance of lightning flew through the corridor, penetrating the two orcs up ahead.

“With this, most of this level should be complete....”

The young swordsman covered in shining silver armour, Nara Shikadai, looked attentively around the corridor.

“Nn...!?”

Shikadai’s trained perception managed to hear the faint trembling that came from the supposedly clear corridor.

A sound I can barely register even with my skills...! Four legs...and the speed...this is bad!

A giant head that was over 10 metres long sluggishly appeared. It was a giant, four-legged skink lizard with bat wings and obsidian scales.

It was a black dragon.

And an elder dragon, on top of that! Shit, there’s a rare 1% chance of running into one of these, but speed aptitude is 20...!

If its acid spilled over them, then there was no doubt that lightly armoured Inojin and even heavily armoured Shikadai would both evaporate.

It was a shame, but Shikadai began considering calling off the mission and retreating with the minimum level experience they’d gained. And at that moment-

"You shouldn't just refuse a gift that's dropped in, yknow!" Boruto, who had been clearing up the orcs in another corridor, had appeared at Shikadai's flank.

"O-oi." Shikadai stammered.

"I'm saying I'll handle him."

"No, you're a Light Warrior aren't you?!" Shikadai protested, "Your fighting diagram against that guy is the worst!"

"Just leave it to me!"

"Boruto!" Inojin yelled.

Despite Inojin and Shikadai's warnings, Boruto rushed towards the giant dragon's eyes.

"GOOOOOOOOOOOOOON!"

The dragon's giant jaw opened.

A stream of acid burst out, enough to fill the entire corridor.

Is he dead...?

Shikadai, who had slipped behind the safety of another wall, carefully peered out, but didn't see Boruto's tragically killed body.

"Let's go!" Boruto yelled. Sometime before Shikadai had noticed, he'd leapt up onto the dragon's snout. Boruto gauged out the dragon's eyes with the two swords in his hands.

"Wh-wha?!" Shikadai exclaimed, "This is a synergy of Lightweight Armour level 3 and Two Sword Mastery 5, and on top of that, Ambidexterity and One Hand Mastery!"

"The swords in his hands are 'Shadow Weaver' and 'Law Bringer', aren't they." Inojin noted. "He'd be unable to wield both without at least level 75 skill in Two Hand Swordmanship."

"They're the latest expansion's equipment, aren't they?!"

In front of the stunned pair, Boruto swung a cursed sword in one hand, and a sword of light in the other, and bisected the huge black dragon.

Fanfare rang out, and the words '**Quest Complete**' appeared on the fictional fight scene.

"Alright!" Boruto whooped with his portable game console in hand. "Take a look at that rare monster suppression!"

"It was amazing, amazing." Inojin said, "Thanks, Boruto."

"You did good, levelling up to that point." Shikadai said.

"Nah, nah, nah, it's just ability." Boruto replied.

Yamanaka Inojin and Nara Shikadai were amiable friends of Boruto's. After their missions ended, they'd have some

modest entertainment playing on their hand-held game consoles in a corner of the Burger Shop.

The rapid advance of computer technology had given birth to electronic games that brought never-before-considered fun. The delight of becoming someone else in a virtual world and going on adventures within had firmly captured the hearts of the children.

“Alright, next up, let’s try the enhanced Monster Quest that was handed out last week! There’s the armour that Ichiraku collaborated with!”

“Sounds good.” Inojin said.

“...Boruto.”

Boruto, who had been trying to pick the next stage, suddenly found his vision obscured by a bunch of official documents. He looked up to see Mitsuki’s calm smile.

“Looks like you actively participate in games too, huh.” Mitsuki commented.

“What’s up with you, Mitsuki...I told you I didn’t want to enter it!” Boruto had a frankly ill-tempered look on his face.

It was partly because he’d taken Mitsuki’s words sarcastically, but also because Sarada was next to his teammate, and for some reason that made him unamused.

“We got asked by Konohamaru-sensei.” Sarada said.

“Three man cells are the general principle for the Chuunin Selection Exams.” Mitsuki explained, “If you aren’t listed down, we won’t be able to enter.”

It was sound reasoning.

It was more than just not being able to volunteer without a team of three. Boruto not participating in the exams closed the door in the face of Mitsuki and Sarada getting promoted too.

Someone who couldn’t even work in a single platoon would have no chance of earning the right to be a captain.

“As if I care.” Boruto snapped.

Boruto, at this moment in time, wasn’t aware of the value of the thing in question.

That was something that greatly irritated the spectacled young girl.

“You listen here.” Sarada’s right hand grabbed Boruto’s collar, lifting him off the Burger Shop’s cheap plastic chair. “Becoming Hokage is my dream...and you’re getting in the way of it...!”

Sarada’s serious eyes were glaring into Boruto’s with barely a breath’s width between them.

It was because she had turned to face her dream that he fury was so deep.

“For me, becoming Hokage is...!” Boruto shook off Sarada’s thin hand.

The word ‘Hokage’ made Boruto want to explode. He couldn’t understand anyone who said they wanted to be the Hokage.

“!”

“...something that I don’t want at all!” Boruto finished.

Those words enraged Sarada all over again.

Thud! She struck a hand against the table, partially destroying it. Shikadai and Inojin hurriedly moved to saved the game consoles.

“Hokage isn’t an inherited post!” She snapped.

“Ohh, you don’t say!” Boruto retorted, “It’s your call if you want to be Hokage, but you better stay alone your whole life! Because it’s gonna cause a lot of problems for anyone around you!”

“...”

Their conversation wasn’t getting anyway, but Sarada had begun to consider why Boruto was so angry, and fallen silent.

However, the meaning behind that silence didn’t reach Boruto, who was still wrapped up in fury.

“Boruto...” Inojin spoke up, game console in hand, fed up with his two childhood friends fighting. “We can’t keep going without a team of three either, you know...? We probably won’t be able to beat the next Boss without you.”

“Ah...”

Boruto had lost his mood to play games.

“I’ll give you guys my data then...” Boruto said. “It shortens things and makes stuff easier.”

“No...” Inojin protested, “It wouldn’t be appropriate to take something like that.”

“It’s fine. Someone else gave it to me anyway.”

“Eh?”

For one moment, Inojin and Shikadai’s looked confused, and then eventually disappointed.

“...What the.” Shikadai muttered, “You were using a shitty cheat.”

Both boys got up with incredibly cold looks in their eyes.

“Eh...you guys heading home?” Boruto asked.

“Yeah...” Shikadai replied. “It’s because I laboriously level up behind mom’s back that it’s fun, yknow...”

Shikadai’s eyes held frank scorn towards Boruto.

It was a righteously critical look given to someone who had gained the results of others’ hard work through unfair methods.

But, at that moment of time, Boruto didn’t understand he significance behind it.

The old man at the Hamburger Shop forgave the destruction of the table because Boruto was the Hokage’s son.

The incident had made him feel embarrassed, so Boruto was now looking up at the sky, drinking some black coffee

from the coffee machine in front of his favourite convenience store.

It was pretty, no, very bitter, and didn't taste all that good, but Boruto thought that drinking this kind of stuff was something an adult did, so he drank it.

"We need to at least hand in the applications...some teamwork would be good, Boruto." Mitsuki said as he drank an espresso. The look on his face said he could keep talking like this all day.

"Hey," Sarada spoke, looking intently at Boruto.

He didn't know why she'd tagged along. No, rather he knew, but he was pretending not to.

She wasn't mad like she'd been a while ago. She was worried about Boruto, and he knew it.

Even Boruto wasn't insensitive enough to snub someone who was showing that kind of kindness.

"Hey, Boruto..." Sarada was watching him through her lenses, "Let's show Hokage-sama our amazing sides! In the exams!!

He would see him.

His dad would see him.

Something had happened, a while back.

He'd done some flashy graffiti on the Hokage Mountain, and gotten scolded by his dad.

This was before he'd even become a genin.

"There are times when I can't be only your dad."

Those were his father's words.

He understood them.

Boruto didn't think that he wanted to blatantly attract his father's attention the way he had back then.

But, at the same time, he thought that he wanted to surprise his dad, to grab him by the neck and make him look his way.

Amazing sides.

Boruto didn't know what his amazing side was, but he was a genius, after all.

He should have something like that.

"Now that you mention it," Boruto brought up the subject because his mood had improved a bit, "Is your dad gonna

come watch?"

However, Sarada's reaction was visibly indifferent. She gave a scoff with a 'hmph' and polished her glasses.

"As if that person who couldn't become Hokage would come."

"No, my dad mentioned something before..." Boruto said. "That Sasuke-ojichan was the other Hokage."

"The Seventh is just being humble!" Sarada snapped.

The positions of offence and defence in their conversation had completely switched around.

One child exited the convenience store and stared intently at the two of them. A woman who looked like their parent hurriedly pulled the child aside. Overall, wasn't a conversation of the two children of legendary heroes.

"He wasn't being humble, though." Boruto said.

Boruto didn't care about Hokages, but there was something different about poking fun at Sarada. His dad had said that Sasuke was someone who could take on the world as an opponent in a fight. Boruto wondered why that kind of shinobi couldn't become Hokage...and why the other kind of man was Hokage.

But then, Boruto thought, *Dad probably got up the political ladder, and Sasuke-san probably had nothing to do with stuff like that.*

Mitsuki gave a small sigh and forced himself between the glaring pair.

"I've been told that Sasuke-san is the only shinobi who can fight equally with the Seventh." h said.

"Who told you that?" Boruto and Sarada asked at the same time.

Mitsuki gave a small 'hmph', his usually expressionless face showing a rare glimpse of pride.

Well, that's...."

"That's?"

"My parent, who's more amazing than both of yours, is the one who told me..."

For one moment, neither Boruto nor Sarada grasped the meaning behind that.

Mitsuki was an extraordinary person, but he wasn't the kind of person who had anything to do with childish, bald-faced bluffs.

Which meant that Mitsuki held conviction that his parent really did surpass Naruto and Sasuke.

It wasn't the same as some young brat going 'my dad's stronger than yours!'.

"What is it?" Their pale-skinned teammate tilted his head to the side in puzzlement, maybe because Sarada and Boruto were staring at him strangely.

"No- that's-"

"?"

"Your parent..." Boruto said, "Sorry, but I've never heard who he is."

"I haven't heard of him either." Sarada added.

“Ohh!” Mitsuki clapped his hands together. He was as carefree as if he’d forgotten to mention a minor detail. “My parent is-”

Right at this moment, something happened with perfect timing.

Boruto’s ears heard a voice as warm as the sun.

“Big brother!”

“Himawari!”

Across the road from them, his young little sister, Uzumaki Himawari, was excitedly waving her hand.

Behind her was his mother, Hinata.

Boruto no longer cared about the story of Mitsuki’s parent.

Boruto’s entire face lit up with a grin.

Sarada who had been next to him was caught off-guard, and felt her chest unintentionally throb at the sight of such unrestrained affection. It was the materialization of the vivid goodness that Boruto held inside. It was definitely something he’d inherited from his father Naruto, a kindness that could melt anyone’s heart.

“Sorry, I’m heading home first!” Boruto said, and ran off.

Sarada watched the sight of his back the whole time.

“To think that Boruto could make that kind of a face too.” Mitsuki murmured in full seriousness, but it wasn’t clear if Sarada heard him.

That was how fascinating the sight of Boruto’s back was.

It was doubtless that it looked similar to the sight of the Seventh’s back.

Extra Translator’s Notes:

* You might think Sarada’s splitting hairs here, but genetics aside, bears really are far more aggressive than pandas, who’re so lazy they’re rarely aggressive. That’s why she’s warning Boruto it’s not a panda they’re facing but a bear who just *looks* like a panda.

A lil' shipping never hurts

 web.archive.org/web/20160304010344/http://cacatuasulphureacitrinocristata.tumblr.com/post/127757868121/boruto-the-movie-nov

Boruto the Movie Novelization, chapter two

Translator's Note: Gah, my heart hurts. We've got Uzumaki's, we've got Uchiha's, we've got cute interactions, and we've got sad ones, but you might be surprised at which is which.

As always, if you like the chapter, [please consider buying a copy of the novel to support the original author!](#) And for anyone wondering about canonity/extra scenes, please see [here](#).

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Chapter two: Deprivation

The door opened.

There stepped in a man who couldn't possibly have come here, but who couldn't possibly have stayed absent.

"Yo," While looking a little embarrassed, the Seventh Hokage... Uzumaki Naruto gave his son and daughter a clumsy smile.

The hours felt like a dream.

His father was here, his mother was here, and his little sister was smiling.

Nobody was lonely.

Large, piping hot chicken taken out from the oven.

Himawari's sparkling eyes.

Confetti scattering everywhere from the crackers.

His mother, looking she was having fun for the first time in so long.

And, his father, who warmly watched over her expression.

It would've been nice if this lasted forever.

If things could just stay like this.

Boruto thought.

He wished.

However.

In the mine, and in the ninja tool development department, and in the tv station, and in the train station, and in the prison, and in the archives, and in every single place you could think of...

For the sake of protecting the families of people he didn't even know, for the sake of protecting the warmth of other homes...

The same man who kept fighting and working constantly found the stream of his consciousness suddenly interrupted.

It was like watching a firecracker's sparks die out.

Naruto's glittering figure abruptly disappeared.

In that instant, his mother's home-made cake that had been in Naruto's hands fell to the ground with a 'plop'.

Himawari's smiling face turned into tears.

Boruto didn't really remember what happened after that.

He could feel burning hot tears spilling out his eyes, his feet pounding against the floor.

His whole body was wrapped in anger.

He couldn't forgive him.

He couldn't possibly forgive him.

His father's love towards his children had been a Kage Bunshin's illusion.

image

"Boruto!"

His mother was half hugging him as she held him back.

He probably had a frightening look on his face.

"Let me go, mom!"

"Your dad's always doing his best for everyone in the village," she said, "It absolutely isn't because he means to neglect you!"

His mother's eyes were shaking.

Boruto knew that his mother was enduring it too.

image

But.

But was this how things were?

"Everyone in the village"...did that not include them?

If they weren't included, then what even was a Hokage?

The Hokage's statues, those faces carved into the mountain, were they people who just got sucked into the system?

"Why?!"

Questions he knew he shouldn't say out loud whirled around inside Boruto, and finally burst out of him like magma from a volcano.

"Why is my dad the Hokage?!" He yelled, "He just stands behind his desk all day looking arrogant, doesn't he?! Shikamaru ojisan, or Sakura obasan, anyone would be fine, wouldn't they?!"

"The Hokage is terribly important," His mother looked down, "...For generations, they've been an incredibly precious existence for the village."

"Then I suppose all the children of the Hokages have been *gratefully* accepting this good-for-nothing situation for generations, too!"

His words were rushing out of his mouth.

He couldn't stop himself any more.

He'd known how things were.

He'd known, but knowing didn't make it better.

Of course it didn't.

There was more.

"Now that you mention it, Grandpa used to be a Hokage too, but dad says that when he was a kid, Grandpa Hokage wasn't even in this world any more!"

He was howling.

"That means dad grew up not knowing a thing about this *enjoyable* father-son situation, didn't he?! Dad's the only one who doesn't know what this is like!"

Screaming.

"If he was going to be like this-"

Cursing.

"Then it would've been better if he was never there from the beginni—"

"I know it's sad," his mother said, "When your dad isn't here on an important day, but..."

His mother had a tear sliding down her cheek.

"I"

Boruto knew that his mother was human too.

He knew she was just as human as he was.

There was a line that he shouldn't cross.

Today, he'd cursed his mother's most precious person.

Even Boruto could understand that much.

But.

It was because he understood that.

Because he understood.

Because he was a hero's child.

It turned out that there was a limit to what a shinobi could, endure after all.

"Boruto, you're different from your father's time..." His mother said, "You have your father here."

He knew that his father had been an orphan.

He knew he had lost both his parents to a calamity that struck the village, and lived alone.

He knew that was why he was far more blessed than his father.

However, one person's unhappiness couldn't heal simply by sympathising with others.

His own sadness was still his own.

"...I can deal with it...but Himawari..." Boruto's shoulder's slumped, his fists clenched and trembling.

No, that wasn't it.

He couldn't even understand what *it* was.

Part of him wanted to act like an adult, and part of him wanted to act like a child. The two sides felt like they were both ripping Boruto's heart apart.

"Just...forget it." He muttered,

He let his shoulder's fall, and turned to walk to his own room.

Behind him, he could feel his mother tearfully hug Himawari close.

The alignment of the memory from the moment his Kage Bunshin burst burdened Naruto's heart.

But he still endured it.

He endured it because he couldn't forget the sad looks on his children's faces that he'd glimpsed before disappearing.

When you deployed several Kage Bunshin to do work, it was extremely hard on the main body. It became all he could do to handle office work and hold conversations. It was because he had to use his powers of concentration and chakra to maintain the Kage Bunshin for long periods of time.

"Are you okay?"

The one who helped Naruto back up onto his chair was his old friend and aide, Shikamaru.

Naruto sunk into his seat like he was folding in on himself. "I really messed up..."

"..."

Naruto could tell Shikamaru was looking at him with the eyes of a worried friend.

"I'll handle the rest." Shikamaru said. "You should go home and rest already."

"Yeah...I should."

The next thing Boruto knew, he was in his father's room.

He normally couldn't enter this place, but the slightly open door had felt like it was somehow inviting him in.

Lots of photos with a smiling face greeted him.

It was a face he wasn't familiar with.

It was his father's face, back when he himself was a young boy, a young man.

Amidst those photos, there were pictures of Boruto himself after he'd been born too. There were pictures showing him as he grew up, too. His father must've looked at those particular photos a lot, cradling them one by one. He could tell because the frames had gotten worn down from his dad holding them in his hand.

And the more recent the photos of him got, the more worn they were.

"So stupid...he's worn everything out, hasn't he."

Boruto saw an important looking piece of clothing hanging at the end of the line of photographs.

It was what Naruto used to wear in the past when he was reporting as part of 'Team 7'. From when he'd been the same age as Boruto.

It had obviously gotten torn, and dirty, and damp with sweat in the past, and despite how carefully it had been cleaned and mended, the clothing clearly hadn't been able to escape the wears and tears of time.

Why keep that kind of worn out thing? Boruto got angry.

“Uncool!”

He threw it away.

He couldn't see the clothes he threw out the window as anything more than a worn out rag.

He couldn't stand it.

He couldn't tolerate the way his dad had devotedly taken care of this kind of smelly old rag.

And that was when the doorbell rang.

The thing that changed Boruto's destiny sounded like the chime of a bell.

Boruto ran down the stairs because he thought his dad was at the door.

He'd decided on hitting the jackass.

And that was why he pulled back a fist for a knock-out blow the same instant that he opened the door.

He wasn't holding back at all.

However.

The man who stood behind the door easily stopped Boruto's fist.

He was a man who looked kinda like a blade had turned into a person. Something about him felt similar to a certain girl with glasses he knew.

“M-my bad...” Boruto said, “I uh, I mistook you for my dad...”

It wasn't exactly a good excuse for trying to hit someone you didn't even know, but he he didn't have anything else to say.

“...So you're Naruto's son, huh...Name?”

The man's gaze was sharper than a needle's point.

It was way more strong and intense than the gaze of any other man Boruto knew.

They were the kind of eyes that made you ask yourself what kind of battlefields this guy had lived through.

“Uzumaki...Boruto...” he answered.

“I see.”

"Could it possibly be..." His mother had finally appeared, appearing from the kitchen. "Sasuke...kun?"

"Is Naruto here?"

"I think he's still at the Hokage Office..."

"I see. Sorry for the bother."

Overall, there was one significant thing about their conversation to Boruto.

This man was named Sasuke. He'd been a friend of his mother's. He could call his dad by name without any honourifics.

In other words, this man could be no one other than the legendary shinobi, Uchiha Sasuke.

So cool...!

Boruto's hands had balled up unconsciously.

He understood.

This was the 'hero' he'd really wanted to meet.

It had been a while since he had last returned, and Sasuke was still as sour-faced as always. Either way, the fact that Sasuke had come back to the village of Konohagakure meant that Naruto wouldn't be able to go home soon either.

"It's from Kaguya's castle." Sasuke said.

The scroll he was holding out to Naruto was covered in gibberish. Naruto had never been strong with class lectures to begin with, but even if he had been, it wouldn't been just as impossible to guess what was written.

"I don't know what's written there," Naruto said, "But it gives off a bad feeling, doesn't it?"

"I can't even read it with my Rinnegan." Sasuke said.

Sasuke's Rinnegan had several sciences to it, and one of them was pattern recognition. It helped him analyse patterns inside codes, and by comparing them to similar patterns, decipher what was written. When put into use, one could take large amounts of information from a small amount of text. Techniques that could make use of that ability had been left to be taught within the Uchiha's stone monument.

But the fact that Sasuke couldn't read it meant that the scroll didn't have any patterns known to Sasuke.

"...Is that so." Naruto thought for a while, and then returned to his seat. "Going home is a no-go. Looks like the scroll needs to be deciphered instead."

The Department of Analytical Study was a new division Naruto had created, whose purpose was investigating ancient civilisations. They dealt mostly in ancient codes and ancient hieroglyphic characters. Even if it was something Sasuke couldn't read, the chances that their team could make something out of it were pretty high.

"I'll leave it to you." Sasuke said. The fact that he could say it was surely a sign that he held faith in the Department

too.

"By the way," with a rustle, Sasuke put a tattered rag on the desk. It was an incredibly nostalgic jacket, flooded with mud and blood and sweat that couldn't be erased.

"!? Why is this with you?"

"I picked it up on the way here."

"Oh, I see..."

"I met your kid, too." Sasuke's expression became a little softer. "He's really turned out to be just like you were..."

"...He's different from how I used to be...if you ask me, I think he's more like the old you..." Naruto said, shaking his head and looking somehow a little lonely.

He was thinking of the Uchiha Sasuke who had always been vivid, a little cold. Someone he'd aspired to be.

"No," Naruto shook his head at himself this time, "At the end...he's not the same as the old you either. The clothes he wears always look like they're brand new, yknow..."

Naruto looked down at the jacket he held in his hands, the jacket his past self had worn.

It was a relic from the
era that Naruto had lived
in.

image

Living every week, every day, with your life constantly at risk. Never knowing when you could die. It was the memory of that kind of an era.

Now, things were different.

Naruto and Sasuke had risked their lives to try and change the era. That was why Naruto thought it couldn't be helped that his own son couldn't understand him.

"We might be behind the times..." Naruto commented.

"No...that's definitely not the case." Sasuke coolly shook his head, same as always, "The nature of shinobi doesn't change. That applies even to your kid."

"I wonder." Naruto mused, "I think the winner of this argument is probably me, yknow."

"Feh." Sasuke snorted.

Naruto had always chased after that smile of his.

"You usuratonkachi."

Even at night, the village of Konohagakure shined.

Sasuke reminisced that it used to be much darker when he was a child. Times were changing with every passing

second. Every time he came back, the village had changed some more. Not just the village. Most likely, the people too.

“!”

Sasuke heard the sound of air being sliced.

The sound of a shuriken.

It was being thrown with top-knotch skill, full of intent to be a knockout blow.

It was aimed with perfect accuracy towards the artery at the back of Sasuke’s neck.

However, it was regrettable to say that the experience of the thrower was lacking. They had perfectly copied a move made by watching and learning from someone else’s technique, but nothing more. It wasn’t the kind of move you should use in a real fight against an experienced opponent.

Especially when your opponent was Uchiha Sasuke of the Mangelkyou Sharingan, no less.

“You disappeared?!” The thrower of the shuriken let out a surprised voice.

Sasuke didn’t raise his hand to hit them.

He was interpreting this as a child’s prank.

He swiftly moved to circle around to the area behind him and, keeping his hands in his pockets, swept the feet of the shuriken’s thrower from underneath them.

It was a simple move, but the beauty of the footwork that ruined the opponent’s balance and ability to rush at you was that splendour of not permitting your opponent to react.

“Awe- awesome....!”

The thrower of the shuriken who’d fallen into the dirt was a young boy.

The child he’d met at Naruto’s home.

“You’re awesome as expected!” He exclaimed, “You used to be my dad’s rival, right? Then...”

Blond hair. Delicate, refined facial features that looked more like Hinata than Naruto. And finally, neat clothes that didn’t have any tears or stains marking them.

“I see what he meant...” Sasuke murmured. “Like they’re brand new, huh.”

Even if the boy in question wasn’t aware of it, his clothes looked the way they were because he’d been brought up loved and pampered. Naruto, in his own way, had raised Boruto with overflowing love for his son.

And that was why Sasuke was incredibly surprised when the boy straight-forwardly bowed his head.

“Then, please, make me your disciple! There’s someone I want to beat no matter what!”

The child had a very serious look on his face as he said that. To make a face like that, he’d probably deliberated in his own way, thought it over a lot. Sweat was running down his face. He was nervous.

The face that of someone who wasn’t able to say anything passed across Sasuke’s mind like sand.

“...If you can learn the Rasengan.” He replied, and turned to leave.

He could tell that the child had tightened his fists behind him, almost choking on his own excitement.

Naruto... Sasuke thought, it's still not clear which one of us will win that debate.

Konohamaru had finally reached his bed after finishing the remaining business he had, only to find himself awakened deep into the night.

“What is it all of a sudden...” He grumbled, “What the-”

Boruto burst in. Konohamaru was about to ask if he was pulling some prank again, but before he could, Boruto started spilling out everything on his mind in one breath, like a puppy leaping onto their owner.

“-so anyway, teach me your Rasengan, sensei! Right now! I'll master that jutsu really quickly!”

“Rasengan...?” Looking into Boruto's fired up eyes, he immediately understood the boy's intentions. “So you mean...you want to use the Rasengan as a card up your sleeves for the Chuunin Exams, and surprise the Seventh, right? Ahhh, you've finally started acting like a shinobi!”

“It's something...like that, I guess.” Boruto nodded.

Seeing his pupil act like that made Konohamaru feel incredibly emotional, like an electric current was running through his whole body. You couldn't be a ninja and *not* feel excited about something like this.

Nngh...to think that I'd end up passing on this jutsu to him!! Oohhh, Fourth, Seventh! I'll make sure to properly carry out this important task!

Konohamaru's soul was burning up with passion.

But, when it came to passion, the truth was that humans couldn't keep up that hot-blooded fervour for long.

It didn't mean the excitement felt at a certain moment was a lie, but just that feeling motivated and continuing to feel motivated were two different things.

Boruto, who had been given a water balloon from a stand and told to make it burst with his chakra, was now experiencing that difference.

“Gahhhh....”

“What happened to your zeal from before?! Come on, try it one more time! Look at what I'm doing more carefully and try to imitate it one more time, this, *this!!*”

Konohamaru was the only one worked up about it now.

“I get what you're doing!” Boruto said, “I just can't make it work at all...this, *this!!!*”

"You don't have to imitate the way I talk!"

"No, I'm not saying 'this' because I'm coping the way you talk, I'm talking about this, *this* thing in my hands!"

"You're really annoying repeating this, *this*!"

"Who's the one who's being annoying here?!!" Boruto demanded.

Tired out by their sour argument about the difference between word spoken and subject meant in linguistics, Boruto flopped to the ground to sit in protest, and hurled away the water balloon.

"Why do we have to start with a water balloon?!" Boruto said, "What does it have to do with the technique?! Isn't there any more efficient way of doing this?!"

Konohamaru let out a long sigh, and then used his Rasengan to destroy the water balloon in his own hand to show him.

"It took the Fourth Hokage three years to develop this jutsu. It took the Seventh Hokage, your father, about half a year to master it. The degree of difficulty could be expressed as an A rank. Think about that. Properly go through the lesson steps. That's how I mastered the jutsu too."

The natural talent and hard work that Konohamaru had shown in managing to master the jutsu certainly weren't of an average level, however he wasn't saying this to boast. He was simply trying to tell Boruto about the severity of the technique's history.

Boruto thought for a while.

Then, he picked up the water balloon again.

Konohamaru smiled.

Sarada, who had been watching over the training from under the shade of a leafy tree, felt happy too.

And thus.

Many days and nights passed.

Again and again, again and again, Boruto concentrated only on continuing his fight with the water balloon.

When he burst the balloon, after that, there was the rubber ball.

He concentrated on nothing else.

It was very likely that Boruto had never worked so hard for so long in his life.

And then, that period of hard work came to an end.

"Ho-how's this....!" Boruto said.

The moment Boruto showed Sasuke 'that technique' in Konoha's forest, the first thing Sasuke felt was surprise.

It was small and frail, like the light of a firefly, but the thing floating above Boruto's palm was unmistakably a Rasengan.

He'd probably managed to arrive at this point despite not having a bijuu inside him because of Naruto's blood and the Hyuuga blood he inherited from his mother, but, that wasn't all it had been.

He'd worked hard.

The boy himself had been fired up probably more than he himself had understood, and there had been Konohamaru's enthusiastic teaching as well.

Those were what had resulted in the floating, firefly-like Rasengan before his eyes.

"It's pretty small, isn't it." Sasuke frankly stated his opinion.

He wasn't being mocking.

Uchiha Sasuke was honest to everyone. He was always upfront when he faced people. His comment was proof he had acknowledged Boruto as a man.

"It really can't be called much of a Rasengan, however..."

Rather, what Sasuke appreciated was how tattered Boruto's clothes had become. There were no airs, no pretences. It was the clear result of controlling raging chakra. It was proof that he'd struggled to face the secret art of the Rasengan all by himself.

However, Boruto didn't interpret it that way.

He interpreted Sasuke's attitude as disappointment.

"Shit!" Frustrated tears welled in his eyes, and he threw the Rasengan in his hand.

"I"

The Rasengan disappeared into thin air [trans note: literally vanished], and as it did, Boruto ran off as well.

Sasuke didn't chase after him. He had to make sure he confirmed **what he'd just witnessed**.

Sasuke's daughter appeared then, shrugging her shoulders and coming into sigh as if she was switching turns with the disappeared Boruto. She'd likely been watching the whole time.

"Hn...you're as severe as ever, huh, Papa...I'm just going to say one thing because I think you don't know this about Boruto, okay!"

She looked like she was very concerned about Boruto. She was talking non-stop in his defence.

Even if he didn't know about Boruto, he could come to the same conclusion: that hard work wasn't something he did often.

However, before explaining that he knew, there was something Sasuke had to do first.

"Boruto really isn't the hard-working type! It's a miracle he kept it up this long! You understand what I mean, right? Hey?! Listen to me a little-"

Sasuke drew close to Sarada, and embraced her shoulders.

“!? Papa?!”

A sharp sound of something cutting through the air rang out.

The tree that was in the place Sarada had been standing just a moment ago had been smashed up.

“What- what was that just now...?!” Sarada said.

“He really misunderstood. That usuratonkachi.”

Like father, like son.

Listen to what people are saying to the end.

“Eh?” Sarada said.

“I never said he was no good. I thought I’d take him as a disciple, and yet...”

At her father’s words, a joyful expression flooded Sarada’s face.

To think he hadn’t understood the significance of his Rasengan... Sasuke thought.

That was how frighteningly genius Boruto’s talent was.

When Sarada ran off to find Boruto, Sasuke gazed at the sight of his beloved daughter’s back for a long time.

“...so in the end, turns out hard work is lame, and doesn’t bring results at all.”

Boruto was cradling a mug of hot chocolate in his hands as he talked. He was in the lab of the Scientific Ninja Tools Division.

“Ah, I see. That’s such an awful story.”

Katasuke was comforting him. For Boruto, Katasuke was the only one who listened to what he had to say without laughing at him, a precious person.

“I do have something like this...” Katasuke said, “A cool and sart looking thing, no hand seals needed, something that yields huge, limitless results with little effort.”

“?! ”

Fire, lightning, and wind had appeared above Katasuke’s palm. He hadn’t made a seal, or accumulated his chakra.

The “Gauntlet” was in his hand. The ninja tool that Konohamaru had used.

“This is a ninja weapon for the new generation! Don’t you think?”

As Katasuke pulled out several poses, several bright balls came out of the palm of his hand.

“A-are those...?! ”

"Yes, they're Rasengan." Katasuke smiled widely. "If you used this, you'd be a ninja that surpasses your father."

"...I could use the Rasengan..."

"Now then, young master," Katasuke extended his hand. "Why don't we choose a killing technique that's just right for you..."

Boruto took his hand.

He didn't even hesitate.

"I wonder where Boruto went..."

Sarada, who'd looked everywhere she could think of to find Boruto and tell him the good news, now kicked at stones with a somewhat lonely look on her face.

She thought about how she hadn't noticed that the boy she'd always been running after now had a daily life she didn't know about. That he'd changed.

Was she changing too?

People said that in the past, her mother and father and the Seventh used to always carry out their missions together as a team.

Things weren't like that now.

No, well right now her father had come home and her mother had a glossy, shining feeling around her, but that was a rare thing.

Sarada unconsciously reached up to touch her own hair. It had gotten a little longer.

She was growing up.

A lil' shipping never hurts



web.archive.org/web/20160220181451/http://cacatuasulphureacitrinocristata.tumblr.com/post/128210951151/boruto-the-movie-nov

Boruto the Movie Novelization, chapter three

Translator's Note: I was not ready for the heartache at the end, I really wasn't. As always, if you like the chapter, [please consider buying a copy of the novel to support the original author!](#) And for anyone wondering about canonicity/differences/extra scenes, please see [here](#).

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Chapter three: the Chuunin Exams

A boulder was destroyed by a huge Rasengan.

"Did you manage to create such a huge Rasengan in just one day?"

Sasuke's words held a little disappointment in them, but Boruto didn't notice, too drunk on the power of the Gauntlet that Katasuke had given him.

The shells which were loaded inside the Gauntlet could fire the jutsu hidden inside them very simply. And the Rasengan was no exception.

Of course, the Rasengan here wasn't made using Boruto's power. It was the power of the person who had made several Rasengan to help out with experiments, who didn't know what they would be used for...it was Konohamaru's Rasengan.

In short, Boruto was doing the same thing as handing in a test paper with someone else's work on it.

However, right now, for Boruto, his dream of being acknowledged by Sasuke was more important than the methods.

Even this is a ninja's effort! The ends justify the means!

Both his parents were too busy with work and the adults around him pampered him too much, so he had no one to help him realise the simple truth that they *weren't* justified.

That was why Sasuke didn't say anything to him.

"I'm different from my dad!" Boruto said, "Our abilities are different!"

"You certainly are different from your father..." Sasuke said, "Although I hadn't wanted to think you were."

Boruto would have done better to think a little more about the meaning behind Sasuke's words.

"So! How was about it?! How about making me your disciple?!"

"...Alright." Sasuke took in a breath, and nodded seriously. "I'll make you my disciple."

It turned out there was something that he had to teach Boruto no matter what.

Boruto's daily life experienced a large upheaval in the following days.

Sasuke had a word with Konohamaru and arranged it so that, up until the end of the Chuunin Exams, he and Boruto would train together, man to man.

It wouldn't do if a misunderstanding took place: Boruto was an obedient pupil when it came to this training.

He showed Sasuke an earnestness he'd never show Konohamaru or Naruto.

This was partly because he held some feelings of guilt over boasting about the sneakily made Rasengan but, essentially, it was because of Boruto's sincerity.

In a wasteland, a giant octopus was grappling with two beings.

The two beings were ogres.

They were the same ogres who Sasuke had grappled with at Kaguya's castle.

Why were they here in this world...?

There was only one answer:

They were here to carry out what Kaguya had left unfinished.

The octopus— a Bijuu called the Eight Tails, hurled a lump of chakra, a Bijuu Bomb towards them.

However, the younger ogre caught that attack in his right hand.

"It seems the Chakra Fruit has certainly been scattered around like this," He said.

In his left hand, there was a pill which he ate with a crunch. His chakra swelled, and he wholly absorbed the Bijuu Bomb he'd caught.

"The Divine Tree has been cut down, and Kaguya is nowhere to be seen. It looks like the things of this planet have somehow gained some unnecessary intelligence." He said.

"It looks like there's nothing to do but retrieve it back, bit by bit." The giant ogre next to him said, and the younger one gave a thin smile.

Out of the younger ogre's left hand came out a Bijuu Bomb that was far, far larger than the one he'd received. He threw it.

The earth shook.

The huge eight Tails had his legs blown off. This power was beyond human comprehension. Techniques that could fight and bring down a Bijuu from this close were in the possession of shinobi. Even the Gokage didn't have this kind of power.

"And with this...!"

The collapsed Eight Tail's shape trembled, and then disappeared. He had been absorbed into the ogre.

"To think that the a high
density chakra
possesses a person in
the form of a beast like this." He commented.

image

"In a place not very far from here, there's a response of a far larger chakra. It's very likely the largest chakra which we've been seeking."

"Well then, let's retrieve that one next."

With the eyes of hunters, the ogres looked over the horizon.

They were looking in the direction of Konohagakure.

Shuriken were cutting through the air and flying.

Several shuriken that Boruto had thrown curved their trajectory in mid-air and hit their marks.

"How was that?!" Boruto asked.

"You managed to curve their course a little." Sasuke noted and, without a single smile, set up a new target at an impossible angle of 90 degrees. No matter how you thought about it, you couldn't possible hit a target like that.

image

"How in the world could I
curve their trajectory that much?!" Boruto demanded, "I can't possibly-"

"You can't, huh?" Sasuke casually said, and nimbly threw a shuriken he'd taken out.

Sasuke's shuriken collided with the shuriken Boruto had just thrown on the previous target, bounced back, and hit the new target Sasuke had set up.

"Ah....!"

"Think for yourself a little bit. You'll quickly find the answer."

"I know that...!!"

Boruto was irritated. He could do anything he was taught. The one who didn't bother explaining was the one in the wrong.

Wasn't there merit in sharing know-how? Even with games, you could access sites that had all the explanations for everything, couldn't you?

Boruto thought that suffering and trying to think about the strategy guide was something a fool would do.

"...Let's take a little break." Sasuke said, most likely because he had read the look on Boruto's face.

We return again to the wasteland.

One of the destroyed Eight Tail's cut-off octopus legs had a single figure crawling out. It was no one but the Jinchuuriki Killer B himself.

"Shit..." he said, "The next guy they're gonna target...it's Naruto!"

The bonfire popped and cracked as it burned.

As Boruto gulped down the energy drink Sasuke had held out to him, he could feel the moisture and sweetness spreading across his parched throat.

Sasuke was a strict teacher, but he wasn't one of "where there's a will there's a way" types. He knew that necessary breaks and nourishment would result in creating a strengthened mind and body.

"We're going to do separate training for tempering your mind." Sasuke had said, "Right now we're making a foundation. The rest will be later."

However, the things that Boruto wanted to know were a different matter.

"Hey, tell me about my dad!"

"About Naruto?" Sasuke looked a little awkward. "Ever since he was a kid, he ranted and raved saying 'I'll be the Hokage' and such. He really was an usuratonkachi..."

"Usuratonkachi...?" Boruto didn't really get what he was saying.

"...basically, he was a stubborn person and..."

"No, that's not it! What I want to know are my dad's weak spots and shortcomings, stuff like that..."

".....weak spots...?" Sasuke looked a little stunned. It was as if his face was saying, *Do you even need to ask about Naruto's shortcomings?*

"Listen well..." Sasuke let out a small sigh. "That guy was full of weak spots...and the school dunce."

"Eh?" Boruto didn't understand.

His dad....the school dunce? Full of weak spots? That man everyone called a hero? That perfect shinobi?

"And he...overcame all of that with his own power...and became the Hokage." Sasuke said. "You shouldn't try to learn about the current Naruto, but the Naruto who got to this point, don't you think?"

"What's with that?!" Boruto exclaimed.

"We're returning to our training." Sasuke said, and nimbly got to his feet. He wasn't in the mood to talk about old times any longer.

"Looks like you won that bet with Papa, huh Boruto." Sarada commented.

It was a usual morning, a usual road.

"That time I'd gone after you to let you know you'd misunderstood, where had you gone?" She asked.

"Ju-just somewhere..."

"Hmmm...?"

Sarada really looked delighted but the way she was staring at his eyes made Boruto feel perplexed. It was possibly that he couldn't look her straight in the eye.

"You know, you...even more than the Seventh...."

"What?"

"It's nothing!" Sarada turned red, looking flustered. Boruto hadn't understood what she meant anyway, and she didn't want to continue. "So, what do you intend to do now that Papa's made you his apprentice?"

"I'm gonna learn all of dad's weak points!" Boruto declared.

He was serious. Being born a boy, thinking about wanting to defeat your father was a natural thing. However, he couldn't win with a frontal attack. Thus, what he needed was a strategy guide.

"I...don't intend to complain about you but," Sarada gave a huge sigh, and then proceeded to complain. "Before you challenge Hokage-sama, it won't do if we don't all become Chuunin first...you understand?"

"Yeah, and that's why I'll learn a lot of stuff from Sasuke-occhan, and show it to my dad at the Chuunin Exams! The stuff that's gonna defeat him some day, I'll show him my power!"

"**Our** power, okay. Seriously...what're you thinking?" Sarada was fixated on that point.

Boruto didn't really get why she was so fussy.

"What dya mean what...of course I'm thinking about us passing the Chuunin Exams." Boruto said, and swiftly thrust out his filled-out Chuunin Exam application form.

"I don't mean to complain about you but," Sarada brought out her own application form and showed it to him as well. "You have times when you're *not* frustrating too, huh."

"Please don't forget about me as well." Mitsuki had suddenly appeared between the two with his application forms in hand.

They all grinned.

And the day of the Chuunin Exams finally approached.

That year's Chuunin Exams held a special meaning.

This was the first Chuunin Exams where the Five Villages were combining with goals for genuine harmony instead of antagonism, and holding the exams with the condition of sharing all knowhow.

The opening ceremony had present the Gokage, several Samurai Generals and the Daimyou, as well as CEO's of large corporations, all lined up side by side.

Behind Shikamaru who was giving the opening speech, there sat the Sixth Hokage Hatake Kakashi, and legendary ninja such as Might Guy and Mitarashi Anko, revealing just how special this Chuunin Exam was. They were all Living Legends who the people claimed could take on whole nations as opponents.

"Alright then, from here on, the Chuunin Selection Exams will begin!!" Shikamaru announced, "Everyone, all that skill you've been accumulating till now, show it off to your heart's content!"

A great cheer rose up.

There were two large pits.

Two signs boards had been placed by them, one marked **X** and one marked **O**.

It was obviously a 'True or False' quiz.

Standing in front of those pits was a shinobi with thin eyes like thread, Yamanaka Sai. He was Inojin's father. He was a vague man, but deep down he'd survived some very harsh things. That was Boruto's impression of him.

He was an old comrade-in-arms of his father's, so Boruto had played with him countless times when he was young too. He'd really loved his jutsu, the Choujuugiga that animated paintings.

However, Boruto knew very well that Sai wasn't the type of man to go easy on him because of his personal emotions.

That man's only weak when it comes to Ino obasan.

"In groups of three, please choose and jump into the pit you think is the answer to the True or False quiz. If incorrect, in other words, if people make a mistake, they will become pitch black and be disqualified."

"Whaddya mean by become pitch black?" Akimichi Chouchou, Boruto's chubby....or rather, plump, classmate asked in a doubtful tone.

"That's something you'll have to look forward to." Sai said, with a smile that looked a little similar to a doll's.

As he did, the question appeared behind him:

In the fifth volume of the Ninja Tactician's Investigative Memoirs, the password which the clerk brings forth is: if you say months it's days, if you say mountains it's rivers, if you say flowers it's honey. True or False?

...There was absolutely no chance of guessing.

"Sarada, do you know that book?"

"Kind of...it's just that I've only read up to the fourth volume of the Ninja Tacticians Investigative Memoirs...to think that there was a fifth one..."

If Sarada with her vast knowledge didn't know it, then it was reasonable to conclude that no one else here knew the answer either. Was this some rare book dug up by the Analytical Study Team? What a mean-spirited question.

"Then we've no option but to speculate."

"Since you're saying that, I guess you don't know either, huh Mitsuki..."

Mitsuki laughed and dodged the question. "Although if it were my parent, they would definitely know the answer."

"Who is your parent?"

"...Boruto," Sarada moved between the two with a serious look on her face. "If it was my Papa, which one do you think he'd choose?"

"**X** maybe? It's the disobedient one."

Sasuke was a man who'd first refute something. He'd refute it, gather requirement for him to not refute it, and then only go for the route that has actual possibility to it. He was a cautious man. Even Boruto, with his short apprenticeship, could understand that.

"...but why're you asking all of a sudden?" Boruto asked.

"I'm choosing a different path from my Papa and becoming Hokage!"

"Then, choosing **O** would be good, wouldn't it?"

"Exactly!!" Sarada said, "Both of you, follow me!"

Boruto ran after Sarada. He thought this was fine. It would be best to believe in the girl who believed in him.

...and all the more so since Boruto wasn't sure whether he was someone who should be believed in or not.

A deep darkness was spread inside the pit.

It's ink!

It was a lake of ink. It's liquid surface just looked like darkness to their field of vision.

Which could only mean one thing.

"This was the wrong one!"

"Shit!"

Shrieks were ringing out one after another as genin were swallowed up by the dark liquid surface, columns of water splashing upwards.

That would be Boruto's fate next.

Shit! This is the end!

The moment he thought that:

“!!”

Sarada took out a kunai attached to wire from her pouch and threw it, embedding it to the wall across.

Mitsuki made a hand seal and stretched his arms as well.

At the same time, Sarada’s kunai flew, pierced through Boruto’s clothes and sewed him to the wall.

“Look down, Boruto.” His childhood friend’s voice was calm to the end.

“Ah...!”

If you looked closely, you could see that the **O** pit and **X** pit were linked together at the bottom. You could hear the genin who’d jumped into that side screaming too.

Which could only mean one thing.

“That’s how it is. Anyone who falls down the pit is disqualified either way.” Mitsuki said with a smug look on his face, his elongated hands clinging to the rim of the pit.

“That quiz was nonsense from the beginning...there hadn’t been a clerk for the fifth volume after all!” Sarada grinned in delight.

“...People who make mistakes will become pitch black and fail, huh.” Shikadai said, a disgusted look on his face. He was using the power of his shadow to holding himself, Inojin, and Chouchou to the wall.

“He certainly did say that...so that means as long as you don’t get black, you’re fine, I guess.”

“It’s a quiz that doesn’t read the atmosphere, just like my dad...haaa.” Inojin let out an exaggerated sigh. There was no mistake he’d said the comment so it would be heard, and that made him most definitely Sai’s son.

“Exactly!” Sai was looking down at them from the edge with a doll’s smile on his face, “People who see the ink think they’ve failed and resign themselves to defeat are the ones who get blackened. Kids with no balls like that don’t have the qualifications to be chuunin.”

In other words, this was Sai’s way of praising them.

And, that praise...was one Boruto was unworthy of.

“In this first exam, the real choice is between two options you have in the instant you’re pushed into a corner: to give up, or not give up.”

Boruto finally realised how far away he was from Sarada and Mitsuki and the others, who listened to Sai’s words with pride.

Ugh...

The feeling of failure was sinking into Boruto’s stomach.

The mountain of documents continued to grow larger, rather than decreasing.

From behind that mountain, an old friend's face popped out. It was Shikamaru, who had hosted the First Exam.

"So," Shikamari said, "It looks like Boruto and his team passed the first exam, huh."

"Yeah...Shikadai and his team, too." Naruto replied.

"A comment or two..." Shikamaru said. "You should tell him something."

Naruto tilted his head in confusion.

It wasn't good to mix personal issues into work. However, sometimes it was necessary to do exactly that.

Boruto had thrown himself onto his bed, staring up at the ceiling.

In that moment, if he hadn't been saved by Sarada, he would've been disqualified. Not because of things like ninjutsu skill or bloodline. Not even because of talent.

Because of his spirit.

He had given up. Sarada hadn't. Because shinobi were those who endured without giving up.

When had his spirit become less adequate for being a shinobi than that of the girl who's always next to him?

In the next round...I'm definitely...

The new model PC next to him gave the ringtone for a new e-mail.

Boruto jumped up and checked his inbox.

It was from his dad.

Congratulations on breaking through the first round! Try your best in the second one too!

It was a terribly simple message.

But Boruto read that one line over and over and over and over and over and over and over again.

"What, not even a Kage Bunshin...just a mail..." But Boruto was swelling up with laughter. "This shitty dad..."

He was so happy he almost couldn't stand it.

He thought this was good enough.

The second exam had the platoons fight each other on the streets, fake battles. They competed for flags among the uninhabited buildings that had been created on the manoeuvring grounds. Killing was prohibited, and the team that took the flag from the enemy's side won.

Killing was prohibited for more than humane reasons; it was to judge the practicable ability for missions. In real missions, there were many situations where it was more beneficial to restrain the enemy without killing them, so you could make them give up information or use them in a prisoner exchange. Shinobi weren't serial killers after all.

The curtains rose on the battle.

Genin sprinted around the buildings.

“!”

One of the genins looked up at the sky.

But by the time they did, they were too late.

image

A sword got thrust by to
the side of their windpipe.

Inojin's beautiful face peered down into the genin's eyes.

“Cr-crap...” The genin muttered.

There were no movements from his comrades who were supposed to be backing him up. They had been restrained by Shikadai.

Across them Chouchou, who had transformed into a larger form, secured the flag.

The new InoShikaChou had beautiful coordination.

“Got you!”

Metal Lee was the young genius of the Lee Clan that had now become renowned for Taijutsu. His roundhouse kick blew away the abdomen of one of Sunagakure's puppets.

However the leader of this Sunagakure team, the young boy named Shinki, didn't look the least bit panicked.

“Don't tell me-!”

It was just as he'd feared.

Behind him, Shinki's iron sand had reached around and taken on the shape of an iron-sand arm...that had secured their flag.

Comprehending their defeat, Metal Lee sunk to the ground with a slump.

The battles continued like that, and one by one, the numbers of genins in the running decreased.

And then it was Boruto's turn.

"I'll protect the flag!!" Boruto volunteered himself for being on the defence, "You two can be at ease and go on the offence!"

Sarada and Mitsuki ran ahead, leaving the back to him.

"We're counting on you Boruto!" Sarada yelled, "In order for us to show our power to the Seventh, we have to pass this round!!"

"I don't need you to tell me that!" He called back.

That was right.

This time, he had to show off his good side no matter what.

Kage Bunshin no jutsu!

Boruto formed full-body Kage Bunshin of himself. Of course, he couldn't do over a thousand like his dad, or twenty like Sasuke, but he had the most outstanding number amongst his peers.

"Five versus three, you guys know who has the advantage, right?!" He called out, brimming with confidence.

However the three who approached –young ones from Sunagakure– grinned widely. The fact that all of them had come to attack meant that they had likely prepared a trick or trip around their own territory, and planned to swiftly attack Boruto's side with the extra time gained.

The Sunagakure genin created Kage Bunshin of their own and increased their numbers to six.

"Come again?"

The six figures overwhelmed Boruto with their numbers.

Before he could even let out a yell of surprise, Boruto found himself pinned down. He could feel earth and stone being thrust down on his back.

"These guys are...strong!" He said.

"Of course we are...We're the elite picked out from all of Sunagakure's genin!"

“We have all the data on you inside our heads! Uzumaki Boruto!”

One of them thrust a finger into Boruto’s side. They aimed precisely for an area between his ribs.

“Gah!”

Boruto felt agony run through his entire body like electricity at the pressure on the pain point of one of his nerves. It was a taijutsu move where they pressed down on a meridian channel and prevented their opponent from moving.

Boruto couldn’t take the pain, and his Kage Bunshin disappeared.

He heard Mitsuki’s voice. “Sarada, you go on! I’ll be back in a bit!”

“Boruto!” Sarada’s voice, full of grief.

The opponents were going to get their hands on their flag faster than Sarada. The opponent’s plan on rushing out all at once was going to work.

Failing in a place like this...!

Sarada’s smile when they got through the first one passed through his mind. So did his father’s e-mail. His mother and sister’s cheering.

He didn’t want to lose.

His dream, and Sarada’s dream too.

That was why...

Boruto ignited the scroll cartridge in the Gauntlet Katasuke had given him.

And fired.

“What the-?!”

The genin that had been pinning Boruto down disappeared in the flash flood that overflowed from the shell he’d shot.

It was Water Release.

“He can use Water Release?!”

“Impossible! The chakra flow in his meridian channel was supposed to have stopped!”

“There’s more coming your way!” Boruto yelled.

His remaining opponents, counting the Kage Bunshin, were five. An easy victory.

Boruto fired Lightning Release which could make wide-range attacks, and blew away the three in one blow.

“Now, Sarada, Mitsuki!”

image

Of course, in this interval, Sarada had already seen through the trick around the other team’s flag and grabbed a hold of it.

"I've got it!" Sarada's smile was shining.

Yeah.

Boruto hid away the gauntlet, believing fully in his thoughts.

It'll be fine like this.

Katasuke was in a corner of the assembly grounds, recording with a camcorder, and nodding in satisfaction.

That's right, things will be fine like this, young master.

Everything was going just as he'd wanted.

Boruto would have to eventually reach the last exam where all the Daimyou and Gokage were gathered.

Thanks to his "true ability".

At that time, Katasuke's hard work would finally be rewarded with the right significance.

Sarada didn't celebrate by halves. She was hugging Boruto with their faces close together and smiling far wider than she'd usually let people see.

"The third exam is next! Boruto! Now we'll finally be able to show the Seventh our true abilities!"

"Y-yeah!" The words 'true abilities' pricked at Boruto's chest just a little bit.

"...I was right..." Sarada said.

"?"

"You know, your eyes are even bluer than the Seventh's..."

Boruto turned red.

It was because he'd realised his childhood friend had been looking at him even more than he had.

It wasn't just the candidates who were unable to calm down from worrying about the results of the Second Exam. Inside the Hokage Office, Naruto was terribly panicked and restless, like a panda bear before winter hibernation.

"They did pretty well." Shikamaru said, entering the office without even knocking.

Naruto sprung out of his chair at those words. "What?"

"Boruto and his team...looks like they've passed the second exam too."

"I-is that so!" Naruto tried his best to look composed, but his acting was so see-through it wouldn't have even fooled a genin.

Shikamaru didn't have the willpower to slip in some snark, and simply shrugged his shoulders. "....See you later then..."

"Did you come here just to say that?" Naruto asked.

"Because it's something important. By the way, just so you know...my son Shikadai and his team passed too. The third round is made of individual matches...we might see our sons face off." Shikamaru kept talking as he walked out and moved to close the door. He must've slipped here in the middle of a very hectic schedule.

"We won't lose!"

The door closed with a 'click'.

Naruto checked to make sure Shikamaru was gone, then swirled around in his chair and pumped both his fists in victory.

When Boruto got home, Himawari hugged him tight. Both her and his mother were smiling with their whole faces.

"Oniichan, congratulations!"

"Are you okay?" Hinata asked, "No injuries?"

"I've just passed the second round, you don't have to look so happy, yknow!" Boruto gently prised Himawari off him, smiling at them. "I'm really tired, so I'm gonna go to my room...Do me a favour and don't wake me up until morning, 'kay!"

His whole side was still paralysed from where the Sunagakre shinobi had gotten him.

His true abilities had been completely defeated.

When Sasuke entered the Analysis Room, one of Naruto's Kage Bunshin was taking a report from the Analytical Study Team.

Looking after Boruto was a side-occupation, and not more than that. He was only staying in the village until the scroll he'd obtained at Kaguya's castle could be decoded.

"Has the scroll been decoded?" Sasuke asked.

"Yeah!" Naruto's Kage Bunshin replied, "We just have to wait a bit more until it's done."

"I see."

There would be no point in rushing the specialists. Sasuke turned to leave, when Naruto called out and stopped him.

"Sasuke. You've been training Boruto, right?" Naruto looked a little- no, very happy. It was painfully clear to Sasuke that he had really wanted to be able to train his son himself.

"Did Boruto tell you?"

"No, Konohamaru..."

"I see."

Sasuke had bowed his head in apology to Konohamaru, who had after all been Boruto's master first. Principle-wise he had been asking something outrageous, but Konohamaru simply laughed and gave permission. He was a man who'd inherited his broad-minded way of thinking from his grandfather.

"It might be just as you said...the nature of shinobi doesn't change." Naruto said.

Sasuke thought for a little bit.

"That's what I believe." He said.

He didn't tell Naruto about the gauntlet.

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Boruto stared intently at the gauntlet.

The gauntlet's power wasn't his own.

The referees, Sarada and the others, not a single one of them were suspicious of him. Sasuke definitely wasn't suspicious either.

Boruto had confidence in his taijutsu and concealing abilities.

That's right.

This was his true ability there.

There was nothing wrong with him using his true abilities to help him use the techniques someone else had piled up.

But something about his argument felt unconvincing.

He heard a knock at his door.

Boruto hurriedly hid the gauntlet under his pillow. "Hey....! I said nobody wake me until morning!"

The one who carefully opened the door and came in was his dad.

"I'm coming in."

"D...ad?!"

"Uhm...you've passed the Second Exam, huh..." His dad looked embarrassed.

"Y...yeah..."

"And...ummm..."

"What is it?!" Boruto didn't raise his voice because he wanted to. It was because a little bit of the gauntlet was poking out from under his pillow. "If you don't have anything to say, do me a favour and get out!"

"You...you did really well..."

"?!" Boruto felt his breath catch in his throat.

He hadn't expected those words at all.

"I'll see you later, then..." Naruto said, and put his hand on the doorknob, looking embarrassed

"...Did you go to all the trouble of coming here just to say that?"

"It's...something important, right?" Naruto said, "This..."

This time, it was Boruto who had no idea what to say. Was the man in front of him a Kage Bunshin or the real person? No, probably a Kage Bunshin, but even if he was, he didn't care.

"Yes...it's a really important thing..." Naruto murmured, almost as if he was saying the words to himself. "...Ah! And one more thing."

"Wh...what?"

Naruto approached his son.

"Don't lose to Shikadai!" he said, grinning widely and holding out his fist.

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Boruto didn't know what to say.

image

Should he try and return the fist bump? Did he have the right to do that?

He was happy, but, somewhere inside that happiness was a prickling thorn.

"...As if I'd lose." Boruto muttered.

In the end, he didn't return the fist bump.

Naruto withdrew his fist, unclenching it and wiping the sweat on his hands onto his clothes. He looked a little disappointed.

Then Naruto made a fist again, lightly tapped Boruto's chest, and exited the room.

“See you,” he said. The door shut.

“If that’s all you wanted to say...then an e-mail would’ve been fine...” Boruto murmured.

He could hear his father’s footsteps growing distant.

The fact that dad hadn’t disappeared after exiting his room meant that he hadn’t been a Kage Bunshin

Boruto felt his eyes grow hot.

They weren’t tears of rage.

“This shitty dad...”

Boruto held onto his pillow and cried.

He thought he’d die if anyone came into his room right now.

He was so happy.

Naruto returned to the Hokage Office and sat down in his chair with a thump, pretending not to notice the mountain of paperwork on his desk.

It had been a much bigger burden on his body than usual to go visit his son with his original body while controlling his other Kage Bunshin.

“Uwaa-”

His chair’s balance tumbled, and the mountain of documents and cup ramens on his desk fell haphazardly all over the place.

A tattered piece of clothing fell on his face.

It was the jacket he used to wear back when he was the same age as Boruto.

After realising that, Naruto thought about his son again, and felt blissfully happy.

A lil' shipping never hurts



web.archive.org/web/20160226155835/http://cacatuasulphureacitrinocristata.tumblr.com/post/129126628406/boruto-the-movie-nov

Boruto the Movie Novelization, chapter four

Translator's Note: It is highly recommended you don't read this chapter in public. No, seriously. And maybe make sure you're sitting down too. With water nearby.

As always, if you like the chapter, [please consider buying a copy of the novel to support the original author!](#) And for anyone wondering about canonicity/difference, please see [here](#).

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Chapter four: From within Darkness

The third exam had all the fuss of a festival.

Besides the obvious attendants of the genin-participants families, the spectator seats were crammed to the brim with influential people from the villages, the Daimyou, ninja guards, samurai, and the heads of large corporations.

Stands popped up here and there, as well as pedlars selling beer, as well as various stands selling the speciality foods of each village. It had already become a huge deal.

Of course, it went without being said that within those spectators, Boruto's father, mother, and little sister were seated in a special seating as well.

The third exam was a traditional tournament with one-on-one matches.

There were 12 cadets left.

From Konohagakure village: Boruto, Sarada, Mitsuki, Shikadai, Inojin, and Chouchou.

From Sunagakure: Araya, Yodo, and Shinki.

From Kumogakure: Yurui, Toroi, and Tarui.

Boruto's opponent in the first round was Kumogakure's Yurui. He was a guy who was hard to read, but he had a terrible suppressive power within his jutsu that turned his bubblegum into bombs.

However, Boruto overcame him. His plan to mix the shuriken technique he'd learned from Sasuke along with the skill he'd learnt from Konohamaru bore fruit.

But his opponent for the second round, Shikadai, was definitely a guy above that level.

"Yo."

"Ou."

Boruto's tone was light as they greeted each other, but Shikadai's ability was the real deal. Even Yodo, the kunoichi who'd been rumoured to be 'Sunagakure's Hope' had been easily defeated when faced with Shikadai's analytical skills.

I'm can't lose...

His father, and mother, and little sister were all watching.

It didn't matter that victories didn't count, or that his judgement was being quizzed.

'Don't lose to Shikadai.' his dad had said.

Men didn't break their promises. That was the difference between himself and his shitty dad.

Both Shikadai and Boruto were fully aware of the scope of the others abilities.

They moved carefully, keeping a distance between them. Running randomly from place to place wouldn't help your score. There was more to this than your fighting style being assessed. You couldn't make any unseemly movements.

Shikadai's shadow stretched out.

Boruto knew what this was. The Nara Clan's hidden 'Kageshibari'.

He'd seen it in action countless times, and even had a cartridge with the jutsu in it.

Boruto avoided the shadow, and simultaneously made a hand seal to create Kagebunshin.

He made four of them.

"!?"

Boruto saw that for just one instant, Shikadai's face stiffened.

They were friends who always played games together. He could read his expressions at least that much.

This was Boruto's maximum number of Kagebunshin which he'd used in the second round, but Shikadai hadn't watched that fight. On all the missions up until now, Shikadai had only seen Boruto use two Kage Bunshins.

I'm sure he can stretch out his shadow and catch two of me, but the remaining three will knock him out and it'll be my victory!

"Just as I'd expect from you, Boruto." Shikadai commented, and grinned widely

His shadow expanded.

"This is....?!"

Shikadai's 'shadow' expanded into a circular shape, dyeing the arena's field black. It caught every single one of the five Boruto's, and immobilised them.

"What do you think, Naruto?"

Shikamaru was smiling proudly.

"Us two generations, parent and child, devoted our efforts to studying this." He said, "Scattering a 'shadow' that's no more than an optical phenomenon - it took a lot of trouble to pull off. Well, it's something can only exist thanks to Temari working with us though."

"It's quite a big thing." Naruto said. His eyes were gazing intently at his son.

Boruto...it's from here on out that a ninja's essence is tested...

Boruto couldn't flex his fingers.

At this rate, he wasn't even going to be able to take any action.

Shikadai was using all his concentration to hold the five Boruto's, but Boruto was the one who'd be worn down in the end. The chakra he was using to keep up his Kage Bunshin alone would cause him to get fatigued far more quickly than Shikadai.

And the minute the equilibrium of their stalemate crumbled, Shikadai would definitely press his advantage.

At this rate...I'll lose...!

His father's face crossed Boruto's mind. And after that, Sarada's.

Was he going to lose here?

People who resignedly accept their defeat and give up didn't have the qualifications to be chuunin.

He'd heard those words from someone.

Time to decide. I'll take out my best play.

Because that wouldn't qualify him.

He wasn't going to give up. He was going to take out his best play.

And like this....

He would become a man equal to Sarada's rank.

His father would approve of him.

The young boy was mislead by his ardour.

He desperately lifted one arm and made the kage bunshin seal.

It was a fake move.

He didn't have enough chakra to make more bunshins than this.

He moved the cartridges hidden under his wrist.

As long as it was small muscle movements, Boruto could pull them off. Shikadai's technique wasn't at the point where it could totally control all five bodies.

Out of the cartridges Boruto deployed, several of him appeared.

Ten Boruto's.

Twenty.

Thirty.

They increased more and more.

Forty.

Fifty....!

That number was far above the range of people Shikadai could immobilise. The copies of Boruto covered the arena far more than Shikadai's produced shadow had.

Nobody could hide their shock over that overwhelming power.

"This is the same as the Seventh..."

"Mm. Multiple Kage Bunshins. When did Boruto get that much chakra....?!"

Even his teammates Mitsuki and Sarada were the same.

Boruto...is this the result of your training with Papa...?!

Sarada was amazed.

She felt like she had finally realised the greatness of her father's power.

Naruto watched it all with a fixed stare.

Something had occurred to him.

He more or less understood why Boruto might have done it.

When he looked at the happy faces of his wife and Himawari, his heart felt heavy.

But this was a duty he had to bear.

Shikadai felt cold sweat dripping down his forehead.

If it had been one or two more bunshin, he would've been able to handle it.

He'd heard about Boruto being taught the Rasengan. He'd built up 12 countermeasures against it just in case.

But this was totally unforeseen.

There were approaches gamers had to carelessly starting a quest they couldn't win. You either clung onto idealism and say you'd try and see, or say it's a waste of time since there's no way to win and retire.

Shikadai was the latter.

"...I give up."

He couldn't say it wasn't frustrating, but this was what being a gamer was about.

The arena was wrapped up in jubilation and excitement.

Boruto could use Multiple Kage Bunshin at this age, Boruto who could use jutsu to this extent without a Bijuu.

That power was seen as incredibly fitting for the son of the legend Uzumaki Naruto, and the carrier of the traditional Hyuuga Clan's blood.

But, just one person was different.

Naruto was the only one who wasn't smiling.

"....Hinata." Naruto gently took hold of his wife's hand, and whispered in her ear.

"Eh?"

"Do me a favour and look at Boruto with your Byakugan. Around his hand."

Katasuke was grinning in satisfaction as he gave his subordinates several orders. Everything was thanks to the power of the technology he'd developed.

From now on, the higher ups would never call his engineering 'simply cutting corners by copy and pasting' again.

The sounds of the cheers he could hear from far off felt like fanfare that was praising him.

Boruto raised his hand as high up as it could go to answer the cheers.

The final verdict hadn't been given yet, but in everyone's eyes his victory was already guaranteed.

He could use several nature transformation jutsu, and freely manipulate multiple kage bunshin. That was a power that surpassed Naruto and Sasuke's powers when they were young.

It felt good to have all the adult's eyes on him, full of wonder at how he was no longer at genin level.

Amidst all the daimyou and businessmen there were also people who already were pulling out mission requests, or asking for Boruto's data file.

How was that, you shitty dad?

He'd gained this result without having to dirty his clothes or get covered in pointless sweat.

He felt bad towards Sasuke and Konohamaru, but at the end of the day, it turned out technology was the greatest thing.

"Ah....!"

The crowd let out an even larger buzz of noise.

It was because the Seventh Hokage, Naruto, had just descended into the arena.

Naruto...?

Gaara, the Kazekage, tilted his head in puzzlement.

It was because his friend, Uzumaki Naruto, was the type of man who kept his private and work life separate, and wouldn't go down to publicly congratulate his son.

What's going on...?

"Ah...!"

His dad was here.

Just that was enough to make Boruto's heart burst with joy.

He had no feelings of rebellion, no abusive language.

He was a young boy honest with his emotions.

"Touchan, did you see?!"

Naruto was staring at him.

If Boruto had been a little calmer, he would have realised that right now, Naruto wasn't happy.

However, right now Boruto was drunk on the cheers of the spectators.

"Next up, the winner's gonna be decided!" Boruto said, grinning wide. This time, it was Boruto who held out his fist.

It looked like Naruto was going to reach towards that fist...but he grabbed Boruto's wrist.

"?!"

The gauntlet and cartridge holder had come out into view.

"I've said it before. That the usage of the gauntlet isn't approved." Naruto said, with the stern face of the man who stood above ninja. "Using a ninja tool that doesn't use your own chakra goes against the meaning of the Chuunin Exams, to raise new ninja."

Still holding onto his wrist, Naruto turned to the jounin referee, Rock Lee, and said, "...Boruto is disqualified...Amend the winner to Shikadai."

Shikadai was making a troubled face, but Lee loudly made the declaration anyway. Lee was the fairest man in the village. Nobody would try to overturn a judgement he'd made.

"Uzumaki Boruto has transgressed by using a prohibited ninja tool and is disqualified from the Chuunin Exams! The winner has been corrected to Konohagakure's Nara Shikadai!"

There was a commotion amidst the spectators, then comprehension, and then, finally, booing.

Sarada was shocked.

She was feeling something different from anger and sadness.

If she had been forced to verbally express it, then it was the sense of loss.

She'd always believed Boruto was running while keeping his eyes on the same things she did. She was now feeling the emotion that came with realising that in reality, he hadn't.

She'd believed it. She'd believed that she and Boruto had both been sprouting white wings, flying high without limits.

That was why, be it multiple kage bunshin, or water release or lightning release, she'd never held the slightest bit of doubt that this was Boruto's true ability.

And yet.

Boruto...

While booing came from all around him, Boruto did nothing but hang his head.

Naruto took off Boruto's hitae-ate.

He thought it looked like he might say something in protest, but Boruto didn't say a thing.

He didn't say a thing because of the very, very sad look on his father's face. As if Naruto was the one who'd done a wrong.

Just what he had trampled over, what he'd insulted. Boruto finally started understanding what he'd done.

That was how sad Naruto's eyes were.

"Let's go...we're in the middle of the exams now...there'll be a lecture later!"

But.

Even if Boruto had understood, there was more.

Being told 'there'll be a lecture later' made one thought burst out from Boruto.

"A lecture...later? From you, dad?! Will you really have the time to do that?! If you'd properly lectured me before then...now, things wouldn't have turned out like this!!"

Boruto fully knew that his father not lecturing him before didn't justify his wrongdoing.

He knew, but he couldn't stop himself from shouting.

He *wanted* to be scolded.

He wanted his one and only dad to face his son.

It was just the fact that it ended up happening like this that made him sad.

"Boruto..." Naruto looked like he was about to say something, and at that moment, Katasuke and the others stampeded into the arena.

"Squad leader Katasuke?!" Lee exclaimed.

"You bastard...!" Naruto said.

"We're all also disappointed that Boruto-kun couldn't become the champion...Seventh." Katasuke said.

Katasuke had a look in his eyes that Boruto didn't know.

It was the look of sly adult who would make victims of children. A person who had forgotten he had been a child once, and who would trample on others without shame. The face of a disgusting adult.

"We'd really been planning to unveil the Scientific Ninja Tool after he won, after all." he said.

"You....!?" Boruto had finally realised that he'd been duped.

"Everyone gathered here today! This is the Scientific Ninja Tool used by Boruto! He may have been disqualified, but the thing that got him all the way here is without doubt this Scientific Ninja Tool!"

The crowd had gotten very noisy. Katasuke was brandishing the gauntlet and cartridges with a very triumphant look on his face.

"Katasuke!"

Naruto looked as if he might restrain him, but Katasuke wouldn't stop.

"And so, honoured Five Kage and Daimyou, and people from other villages, we have taken this chance to make an

appeal for this scientific ninja tool here!!”

It was a terrible plan.

If Katasuke forcefully made an appeal for the device’s results and gained everyone’s approval, then even Naruto would have no choice but to nod in agreement. Katasuke’s calculations were plain in sight now. His figure was that of a sly engineer who had the ability to put research into practice, and furthermore to read the atmosphere and communicate advantageously.

It was at this moment that the two ogres appeared in the arena.

It was plain to everyone’s eyes that these two were unknown enemies.

“Hmm...” The younger ogre had fixed his eyes onto Naruto.

Boruto couldn’t move.

It was because he was feeling something he hadn’t experienced yet: the true presence of death.

“It’s this one...” The young ogre’s were darker than the river styx, “This one holds the strongest and biggest chakra in this seed-plot. If we recover it, we should be able to plant the Divine Tree again...”

“Hey, hey! What’re you people doing?!” Right now, this is my....”

Katasuke had approached without understanding the situation, and before he could even show off the gauntlet, he was blown back by a single blow from the ogre.

“My Byakugan sees a fox...” the young ogre said, “Fox, come here.”

“So your target is me, huh...”

A slight bit of sweat had appeared on Naruto’s face.

It was obvious to the other Gokage as well, that this was no trivial matter.

“Let’s go,” Darui said, and Gaara and others began moving as well. Helping the spectators run away was first priority.

The arena was already falling into panic. The Daimyou and villagers were ordinary people. Before they gained secondary injuries from falling all over each other, they had to be held back.

The giant of the two ogres raised his arms.

"Run, Boruto! Lee, get to everyone!" Naruto ordered, standing in front of the ogre.

Multiple Kage Bunshin.

One thousand copies of Naruto appeared.

Wow....

The giant's fist hit the ground.

And the arena began to crumble.

Various things happened.

Many ninjas used their individual jutsu to protect their loved ones.

Amidst them, Sarada was running to save the village children who hadn't run away in time.

She had hugged a crying child, and was just helping them to their feet when...

Above Sarada, a giant piece of wrecked concrete was flying towards her.

"I"

She couldn't avoid it.

Even if she could avoid it, she wouldn't be able to support the child.

In front of Sarada's frightened eyes, that large piece of rubble was shattered by the fist of her mother, Sakura.

However, even if the broken rubble was now scattered into small pieces, it could still cause plenty of damage.

"Sarada!" Mitsuki had appeared beside her.

"I"

Without hesitating in the slightest, Sarada immediately gave the child to Mitsuki. There wasn't enough time for the both her and child to make it out.

In which case, there was nothing to hesitate over.

Since her mother had shattered the debris to pieces, it wouldn't kill her. She'd be fine if it was just a bone or two....!

Just as she thought that, Sarada suddenly found herself softly flying up through the air.

"Are you okay?" Her rescuer asked.

"Yeah..."

Sharingan eyes just like hers were looking gently at Sarada. Her father, Sasuke, had saved her with his strong skill.

The figure of Uchiha Sasuke, the extraordinary shinobi, was clearly visible.

“Sakura, please look after these two.” Sasuke said as he landed, turning to glare at the ogres. “...That’s the enemy. Those things I found out about with Kaguya’s scroll, they’re our enemy!”

Sasuke took his Susanoo sword in hand, and charged towards the giant ogre. It was the same male he’d failed to kill at the castle.

“UOOOOOOOOH!” He swung his huge sword down. He held conviction that the weight and the speed would ensure a kill no matter the timing.

However, his opponent wasn’t an ordinary person either.

“I won’t let you break my horn again!”

Swish!

With frightening speed, the giant took out his ace’s blade and repelled Sasuke’s blow.

“Guh!” Sasuke’s body flowed back, his stance getting bent out of shape.

“I’ll finish you!” The orge said, and moved.

No- he looked like he was about to move.

The giant ogre had been in the middle of an attack when his movements had frozen completely.

“I’ve stopped his movements!” A voice called out, “Act now, Sasuke!”

It was none other than Nara Shikamaru’s kagemane. His shadow was far more exquisite than his son’s, and had immobilised the giant ogre’s movements.

However.

“Ah, so that stopped him.”

The shadow... disappeared.

It got sucked up into the pattern that had appeared on the younger ogre’s hand.

Is that the same jutsu as the rinnegan?!

They looked similar, however their powers different. Rather, this power felt more similar to that of Katasuke’s gauntlet.

“I’m in your debt! The giant ogre bellowed to the other, and started to run forwards.

The giant ogre carried out several attacks while wielding his giant axe made of chakra whose form he could change at will. He had such speed that Sasuke could just manage keeping up his defence with his Sharingan and taijutsu.

“Vengeance for my horn!” The giant ogre’s huge axe became noticeably bigger.

If Sasuke dodged the blow, he'd probably be safe.

However, if he dodged it then it would fall on the ground, and the already crumbling arena would collapse completely.

Sasuke chose to guard rather than dodge. His body flew back through the air at impact, and harshly slammed against a wall.

Sarada saw that sight, and started to run.

She left Mitsuki with her mother and just ran.

There was no logic in it.

She didn't have any winning chances.

But it wouldn't do if she didn't fight.

Because she was a ninja, and Uchiha Sasuke's daughter.

The ogre who seemed to have given Sasuke an incapacitating blow then noticed Sarada running towards his flank. He swung his axe sideways.

"Sarada!"

A figure jumped in and saved her from the blow.

It was Naruto.

The chakra enfolding his body was partially combined with the Bijuu. He looked like a fox that had taken the form of a human.

"So there you are! Fox!"

However, carrying Sarada inhibited Naruto's movements, and the ogres didn't overlook that fact. The younger one started to approach Naruto.

It was that moment Boruto shook off his fear and moved.

He didn't think about how he wasn't a shinobi right now.

His body just moved on its own.

He fired every single one of the ninjutsus stored inside the Gauntlet's cartridges at the ogre.

"UOOOOOOO!!"

However, the results were the same as Shikamaru's Kagemane. One after another, all the jutsu that Boruto threw were swallowed up by the young ogre's right hand.

Fire release, water release, lighting release, boulders made from earth release, Wind Release's Kamaitachi...all those hidden jutsu disappeared like morning dew in the face of the sun.

The ogre looked irritatedly at Boruto.

He thought he was going to be killed.

It was the first time in his life that he was faced with the presence of death and no way out.

"Wait." His dad forced his way between them.

It looked like Boruto had been able to buy time. Right now, he could only be satisfied with having done that.

"Who are you guys?!"

"I am Ootsutsuki Momoshiki." The younger ogre gave his name.

"I'm Ootsutsuki Kinshiki." The giant ogre gave his name as well. He had a thundering voice.

"What are you after?!"

"We only want to start over what Ootsutsuki Kaguya, who used to be in this seedplot, failed to carry out."

"That being retrieving the scattered chakra by gathering it into one fruit."

The ogres had given their objective.

In other words, they believed that even if Naruto and the others knew what they were after, they couldn't be able to do anything about it. It was a sign of their contempt.

"And what do you guys want to do after you obtain that fruit?"

"We will cultivate cinnabar panacea*."

Those were words you didn't hear often.

"Cinnabar?" Naruto said. "So this is about a drug!"

"Exactly. Perpetual youth and longevity, supernatural phenomena, all can be gained by simply eating that cinnabar panacea." The ogre named Momoshiki turned his hand to show the curiously coloured pill in his hand. "You can easily achieve results without any hard work, after all."

Those words of his stabbed at Boruto's insides.

It was because he thought: he and I are the same.

"It's something you inferior beings couldn't understand." The ogre said.

With a cold look on their eyes, as indifferent as if they were merely looking at pebbles on the side of the road, the two ogres rose up into the sky.

"Kaguya's scroll said that some day those guys who come to take the chakra fruit."

It was Sasuke who spoke.

“It looks like the reason Kaguya was gathering White Zetsu soldiers was so she could fight against them...”

In other words, they were enemies who even Kaguya wouldn't have been able to oppose without an army.

This was the worst possible development.

For Momoshiki up in the sky, the ninja down below had nothing to do with him. For him, this whole business was just a miscellaneous task.

“...Since it wouldn't do if we didn't nicely put this seed-plot into order... Might as well get to it now...”

Momoshiki took out the cinnabar panacea pill from before, and threw it into his mouth.

“Fox...you won't die.”

Momoshiki held out his right hand with the pattern on it. The design began to glow.

And a storm of fire rained down.

Sarada was terrified.

It was natural.

It was the first time she was facing enemies of this level as an opponent. Even if she'd seen her father's fighting level from close up, she'd never seen anything like this.

This was different from the world that Boruto and Sarada and the others had been living in until now. No, the same could be said for a large number of ninja, not just them.

This was a fight that belonged to the field of legend that their fathers had struggled through.

But, even so.

Boruto had to protect Sarada. That was what he was thinking. Not whether he could show her his face or not. Not the level of the opponents. He just thought that he had to protect her no matter what.

He readied the Gauntlet.

It clinked.

There was a dry sound.

He'd ran out of ammo.

His borrowed powers had finally reached their end.

“Why at a time like this!”

But Boruto didn't give up. If he gave up, then forget being a shinobi, he wouldn't even be a man.

He created several Kage Bunshin.

Five Boruto's covered Sarada so they could be her shield.

Naruto struck his own stomach.

He released the Bijuu, Kurama, who was sealed inside him.

“Let’s do this, Kurama! Here’s hoping you haven’t gotten weak!”

“Pah! Nonsense! I’m going with everything I’ve got!”

Human and beast completely overlapped each other.

It was strangely beautiful.

They took the form of a legend.

Boruto was seeing his father’s seriousness for the first time.

A guarding shield that protected everyone who didn’t have weapons.

That was what Naruto was.

He defended them against the entire storm of fire that Momoshiki had sent down.

It wasn’t just fire.

A tsunami.

Lightning.

Cracks in the ground.

A gale of fierce wind.

Are those...the jutsu that were in the cartridge I used...?! Boruto thought, So tat guy’s amplifying the jutsu he sucked up and sending them back!

Their enemies were attacking them dreadfully, but Naruto deflected it all along with his Kage Bunshins.

His clothes ripped, his blood oozed, and his legs quaked with strain, but despite it all, Naruto didn’t shrink back at all. For the sake of the people behind him, his back would never waver.

“Naruto!” Sasuke had run over to him, and expanded Susanoo. It combined with Kurama, coiling a chakra armour around Naruto.

“Sorry...Sasuke.” Naruto said.

“If the original you gets defeated, then it’s all over.” he replied.

Sasuke didn’t think about protecting himself. That’s why he handed over the Susanoo to Naruto without any hesitation. He was simply doing what he had to do with a cool head.

That was the nindou of the man called Uchiha Sasuke.

Annoyance.

That one word was what Momoshiki was feeling.

He could see that the people of this star were practically using the chakra that Kaguya had left behind in their own way. If it had been the people of any other star, then they would've been annihilated with his first blow. It didn't amuse him for these ones to cause him so much trouble.

If Momoshiki looked any more unsightly in front of Kinshiki who had the 'role of parent', then he wasn't going to be happy.

"Kinshiki, you help too." Momoshiki said. "...things will be decided in the next battle.

"Yes..."

Kinshiki took out his huge chakra axe, and hurled it towards Naruto. It was a diversion, but it was more than enough to stop his movements.

"We'll be out of offensive jutsu after this." Momoshiki said.

A large clump of energy appeared from Momoshiki's left hand.

It was the Tailed Beast Bomb he'd inhaled from the Eight Tails.

It had been amplified several times over, to the point that it now looked like a comet that foretold their ruin.

That ominous light dominated everything.

The last thing Boruto saw was the sight of his father's back.

Naruto had wanted to protect him from the torrent of energy approaching them.

It was only the original Naruto who was covered in the pitch black armour of Susanoo. His father had united with his teacher, and protected him.

There wasn't any anger or sadness in Naruto's back.

It was simply just the figure of parent wanting to protect child.

I...

The energy's wind destroyed everything. Still, Naruto acted as a shield.

What did I know about my dad?

What did I try to know about my dad?

Boruto didn't have an answer to those questions, and it was in that state that the storm of destructive wind swallowed up his consciousness.

When Boruto opened his eyes in his hospital bed, the first thing he saw was Sarada crying.

It looked like she was happy to see him safe, and although he'd been able to understand that fact and although it had been plenty obvious, when he looked back on it later, he concluded that her attitude had lasted for only two seconds.

The insides of his head was pounding insistently.

His consciousness felt far away.

The beds around him were full of wounded people too. Every single one of them were precious people he didn't want to see in their injured states.

"Mommy!"

Himawari was in tears, clinging onto their battered mother.

Hinata's eyes didn't open no matter how much she called.

It all felt like a nightmare, but the pain running through Boruto's body told him this was no dream.

"It's okay...she'll be saved." Sakura smiled frailly at them, sitting by his mother's bed. She had used up her chakra for medical treatment.

"Why is mom like this...?!"

"It's because she tried to take back Naruto." Sakura said, "She fought. But..."

"Take him back..." Boruto echoed.

He looked around his surroundings in a panic.

He wasn't here.

His dad wasn't here. Neither were the ogres.

"The Seventh was taken by the ogres..." Sarada said, holding back tears. Mitsuki stood beside her, covered in bandages.

"That can't be..." Boruto said.

"He protected everyone and used up all his chakra.... but we couldn't protect the Seventh..."

Boruto didn't hear all of those words.

His father had times he could lose terribly as well.

Before he realized what he was doing, he was running.

For some reason, his feet were taking him towards the Hokage Office.

There wasn't a single person in the Hokage Office.

It was because the Hokage Office wasn't functioning as central command now. In situations where the the Hokage was absent, a team with Shikamaru at its head handled things.

They were in exactly that sort of situation now, so all the jounin were working with the assumption that the Hokage was lost to them. The Hokage's office was completely unmanned.

There were a lot of photos hanging on the wall.

Photos of the previous Hokage's.

A photo of his grandfather minato.

And, a photo of his dad.

The quarrel on Himawari's birthday passed through Boruto's mind.

Dad says that when he was a kid, Grandpa Hokage wasn't even in this world any more!

That means dad grew up not knowing a thing about this enjoyable father-son situation, didn't he?! Dad's the only one who doesn't know what this is like!

He was wrong.

It wasn't like that.

If he was going to be like this...Then it would've been better if he was never there from the beginning....

That wasn't true either.

He just stands behind his desk all day looking arrogant, doesn't he?! Anyone would be fine, wouldn't they?!!

Lies.

Not just anybody could do it.

Who else, without asking anything in return, could just throw away their life for a bunch of people who happened to be there? Old people and young people. Ninja and villagers. Daimyou and Samurai, too. Naruto probably even included the people who hated him among those he protected, too.

Not just anybody could do that.

Nobody but Uzumaki Naruto could be the Seventh Hokage.

Boruto's eyes fell on the ragged jacket of his father's that he'd thrown out of the house, sitting on his dad's desk.

"....."

Boruto took the jacket into his hands, and looked down at it.

He put it on, and stood in front of the mirror.

"Uncool..."

In the mirror, Boruto saw a shabby-looking young boy wearing filthy clothes.

Everything that boy had was borrowed.

He had nothing to call his own.

He fully realised the fact that he was nothing more than “Uzumaki Naruto’s son”.

“...is what I am.” Boruto finished.

He thought the gauntlet was particularly uncool. Boruto

The boy unfastened it and, after a short pause, threw it straight into the bin. Even if it had any cartridges left, he didn’t want to use it anymore.

“You got that right.” A voice said.

Boruto turned around, and saw Sasuke standing behind him.

Sasuke didn’t look even a little injured or fatigued anymore. His usual cold and cool-headed teacher was standing there.

“You earned everyone’s scorn in this exam...Got your hitai-ate taken away too, so you’re not even a shinobi right now. On top of that, your little sister cried, your mother got hurt....and you lost your father...”

“...”

“If you didn’t have your little sister who adored you, and your other who worried over you, then you’d be in the same state Naruto used to be.”

How his dad used to be.

The past Naruto, who Sasuke had told him to try and learn about. His dad back when he was a genin.

His dad hadn’t even had a family.

“So...what will you do?”

Boruto stared fixedly at his image in the mirror.

The Hokage’s son, or the genius, there was nothing like that. There was a just his life-sized, small self.

He held back the tears.

“...How did dad...do it? What did he do to crawl up from a situation as no-good as this?”

He wanted to know.

If he did, then he’d become like him too, wouldn’t he? If he did what dad did, then he could get rid of this wretchedness.

“You don’t want to just know about his weak points now, huh.” Sasuke smiled a little. “Then, you can hear it from Naruto himself later.

”!!“

“I can sense that guy’s chakra.” Sasuke said, “...In other words, that means he hasn’t died yet.”

Sasuke’s words had a silent, but powerful warmth.

“...Sasuke-occhan, why did you bother with someone like me?”

“You’re really a strong shinobi.” Sasuke said. “I lost to your dad, but you can become a man who’ll surpass him.”

“...How can you say something like that?!”

These words were completely different from Katasuke’s flattery. These words were extremely heavy. That was how Boruto finally understood the true weight behind beating his dad.

“You’re his son, and furthermore by best disciple, aren’t you? And most importantly, you...”

For one second, Boruto thought he was going to cry.

This man was still calling him his disciple.

Him, who’d fought with borrowed power instead of the skills he’d been taught by his master.

“You’re even more of an usuratonkachi than Naruto was.”

“...by usuratonkachi...you mean...?”

“Someone who hates to lose.”

...That was right.

He still hadn’t lost yet.

Four ninja entered the Hokage Office.

Boruto had met them countless times as well. Gaara, Choujuurou, Darui, Kurotsuchi...in other words, the Kage of Wind, Water, Lightning and Earth.

“Let’s go, shall we.”

There wasn’t even the slightest hesitation in the Kazekage Gaara’s words. On his back was a gourd. Stored inside it was sand that gave him an absolute defence which he used to protect weaker people to the very end. He was an indestructible hero.

“Yeah.”

The meaning behind those words was very clear.

“After all, if one of the Five Kage is gone, then the term will go out of use.” Darui said with a smile. His appearance looked a little like a flashy middle aged man, but the truth was he was a man more nimble and daring than anyone else.

“Plus I’ve just recently become one of the Gokage...I haven’t shown everyone my strength yet.” Choujuurou’s glasses shined. Amongst the Gokage, he was rumoured to be the best swordsman and assassin.

“We’re all ready and willing, huh.” Kurotsuchi said, her voluptuous lips curving into a smile. She was the only kunoichi amongst the Gokage, and the most diligent Genjutsu user among them.

“There’s a limit to the number of people I can take with me to the location of those ogres with my Rennegan. This here is a selection of the best personnel.” Sasuke gave a fearless smile.

Not a single one of them had any doubts. They all believed they would rescue Naruto.

It was natural that they would.

They were the strongest of shinobi, the Gokage, after all.

Gaara's eyes stopped on Boruto.

"It's like looking at the old Naruto, huh..." he said.

His eyes were soft and kind.

Boruto felt a little- no, very embarrassed.

"Looks like you'll be lending your power."

"No...if I leave you like this, you'll be a hindrance, not very reliable." Sasuke smiled, and took out an old, scratched hitai-ate from his belt. He held it out to Boruto.

"I'll lend this to you." He said.

"This is..."

"I'm only lending it." Sasuke said. "Temporarily, as a Konoha shinobi, I'm going to specially allow it."

He believed he'd understand the meaning behind those words.

"Boruto."

"Occhan..."

"Children...will make mistakes." Sasuke said. "Me and Naruto, too, we made mistakes. In the past, I betrayed my friends, and Naruto stole the prohibited book of the Hokage."

"I"

"...We were scolded, forgiven, and lead back on the right path. The ones who did that for us were our friends, and the adults. There's no such thing as a kid who doesn't make mistakes. That's why doing this is our duty."

"...Yes, sir!"

Boruto took the hitai-ate.

He finally understood the weight of it.

Hinata faintly opened her eyes.

In front of her stood a young Naruto.

Naruto who had always been smiling, shining. No matter how painful things got, he never lost his spirit. That face.

That face, that she had felt holding her up when she felt like she was going to be crushed by the Hyuuga house.

"Mom."

The young Naruto called her that.

Ahh, so that was it.

This one had even brighter eyes than Naruto. Their son.

“Just wait, mom, Himawari! I’ll save dad!!”

On his forehead, a scarred hitai-ate shone brightly.

“Boruto.”

Sarada thought that the sight of him was dazzling.

She thought that she wanted to go too, but she knew that right now she would be a burden, and that if a detached force came, she’d be needed amongst the ninja remaining in the village.

“Sarada, take care of the village!”

And that was why, at the moment Boruto said that...

Sarada thought that she would believe in him one more time.

Because Boruto’s eyes still held the bright look that had always been watching her until now.

And, because her father was standing beside Boruto too.

The ninjas took off.

Extra Translator Notes:

*If anyone is an FMA fan like I am, you’re going to get a real kick out of this. According to Japanese myth, mixing cinnabar with certain elements would result in a red elixir that gave immortality- otherwise known as *the Philosopher’s Stone*.

A lil' shipping never hurts

 web.archive.org/web/20160214091500/http://cacatuasulphureacitrinocristata.tumblr.com/post/130846370356/boruto-the-movie-nov

Boruto the Movie Novelization, chapter five

Translator's Note: I've had a rough time lately and haven't been able to get back online for a while, so thank you everyone for waiting. I did my best to try and finish this before the movie was out on the tenth in the US since I promised a few people I'd try, so yeah, here it is. The epilogue will be up in 6 hours or less.

As always, if you like the chapter, [please consider buying a copy of the novel to support the original author](#). And for anyone wondering about movie differences, please see [here](#).

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Chapter five: Uzumaki Boruto!

Naruto was inside darkness.

He didn't think they'd gotten very far from the village of Konohagakure, but, rather than saying this was some place he didn't remember, it'd be more accurate to say this was a parallel world.

It was terribly cold, and distortions rippled through the sky. It plainly wasn't the airspace of his own world.

Kaguya had held the power of sending people into parallel worlds too... Is this something like a kekkai, or a subspace?

About half of it looked like the second-hand knowledge he had of the games his son played, but this place shouldn't be all that different from his own world.

Naruto's movements were hindered.

He was physically restrained. He quickly realised he was bound to a pillar.

"Just this one has been very special...he'll take some time." The young ore named Momoshiki commented.

His arm was stretched out over Naruto's stomach. He was sucking in his chakra.

The pain wasn't at the level of incapacitating agony, but Naruto didn't have any intentions of pleasing his captors by begging for his life.

So they intend to use the same method they suck up jutsu with...to rip out Kurama from inside my body...

Those words 'just this one' let him guess that other Jinchuuriki had been hunted down too.

"Sorry, but..." Naruto said, "...I can't just go the easy way...without any work..."

Those were the true
feelings of the man

image

who'd kept walking down

a painful path. The bijuu inside him wasn't just a creature. He was someone who'd walked alongside him through

agony. A friend.

“Us shinobi can’t be like that, yknow.” Naruto said, and looked up at the sky.

There was the sight of something he’d been expecting.

Konohagakure village’s emergency control room. The current state of the village, displayed on the monitors, was a terrible sight.

Shikamaru determinedly continued to grapple with the general data.

That jerk Katasuke isn’t around...

The Scientific Ninja Weapons Division was needed precisely for times like this, but it looked like it was reasonable to conclude those who were in the middle of the arena weren’t unharmed.

Just as Shikamaru was thinking that, a worn and torn Shikadai stampeded into the room. He had a look on his face that was worried for his friend Boruto.

“Hey....is it really okay if we don’t go, too, oyaji?” Shikadai said, “Sasuke-san’s opened a space-time portal. Somehow, us remaining shinobi, we could open the gate one more time, and...”

“The success of a rescue mission isn’t decided by numbers.” Shikamaru didn’t so much chide his son as he did a young military officer.

What was needed in times like this wasn’t breaking down the child’s theory, but building it back up from the start.

“It’s a general rule for ninja platoons to be few in number. The Gokage and Sasuke fulfill that.” Shikamaru said, “Don’t worry.”

“But...!”

“Right now, what our side has to do is save the injured people in the village, and arrange an organized back up for their group.” Shikamaru said, “It’s that old surrounding castle, Static Rook Bear-in-the-Hole.*”

“What’s that?” Shikadai tilted his head in puzzlement.

“It’s a defensive strategy,” Shikamaru said, “I’ll teach you Shougi later on.”

Naruto grinned from where he was restrained to the pillar.

“I”

Momoshiki noticed his intent, and raised his head up. He was already too late

The fabric of space tore open, and a nostalgic sight burst out.

Sasuke with his Mangekyou Sharingan shining.

On top of that, the other figures that burst in through the gate he'd opened: Gaara, Choujuurou, Kurotsuchi, Darui.
And, more important than anyone, Boruto.

The young boy's figure flew and cut through the darkness, his golden hair fluttered and eyes as blue as they sky fixed only on his father.

"Let's go!"

Sand spilled out from
Gaara's gourd. It was a
very nostalgic technique.

image

Come to think of it, they'd first met during the Chuunin Exams too.

Taking advantage of the sand, Choujuurou, Kurotsuchi, and Darui used the sand as footholds and soared.

"Haah!"

Choujuurou and Kurotsuchi launched an attack.

"You impudent ones!"

Kinshiki expanded his giant axe, and counter-attacked. Kurotsuchi and Choujuurou nimbly evaded him.

From the beginning, the two were a diversion.

Without the words even being said, they'd understood that and taken action.

"I"

Gaara's sand was stretching towards Momoshiki's feet. Momoshiki leapt up, avoiding the sand by a hair's breadth. But up in the sky, Darui was lying in wait.

"How to say this?" Darui said. "You'll get destroyed at this rate, yknow."

Darui used his muscles as a bullet of mass and swooped down on Momoshiki. Momoshiki evaded this attack, as well, however this too was only a diversion. Gaara with his Absolute Defence of sand was approaching from behind them!

"Don't think that you can run away fro us." he said.

"You low-grade beings!"

The swing of Momoshiki's blade was stopped and caught by Gaara's blade of sand.

Boruto and Sasuke appeared in front of Naruto.

Naruto soon figured out who was behind the sight of his son dressed up in those dearly missed clothes and that nostalgic hitai-ate.

Honestly...that Sasuke...he always puts on an act...

Boruto skilfully cut away the chains that were restraining Naruto. The sight of him really did look a lot like Naruto

himself.

“...Why is he wearing that...?” Naruto asked.

“Various things happened.” Sasuke said. “...Well. He became a shinobi.”

Sasuke gave a understated smile, and then leapt up. The look on his face said that he'd said everything he wanted to say. Now, he fiercely headed towards Kinshiki's direction.

“Is that so.”

If Sasuke had given his approval, then that was good enough.

The look of Boruto's face really had changed.

Something about him had lost his spoilt behaviour, and now there was a will about him that said he had to do things on his own.

There was that saying about how you should take a good look at a young boy if you don't get to see him for three days**, but there was a huge difference to Boruto from just a few hours ago.

“Haha...it's almost like I'm looking at my own Kage Bunshin.” Naruto said.

“I...do I look a little cool?” Boruto asked.

“Even more than you did before.”

“Heheh...” Boruto said. “So you looked at me a little bit before...?”

Naruto felt like a very heavy weight had broken into his stomach.

Even though he'd made his family intending to never let them taste the same loneliness he had, he's ended up forcing a different kind of loneliness onto his son.

“...Boruto...I'm sorry. For not looking after you so far...”

Now might not have been the time to say those words. But Naruto didn't know if he'd die in the next moment, so he felt it was best to verbally convey his apology.

“After this,” He said, “I'll...”

“It's fine if you're the same as you've been until now.” Boruto grinned widely, and cheerfully laughed it off.

He wasn't forcing himself to say those words.

“All I want is that when we get to meet up every now and then, don't give me lectures...from now on, tell me about your past instead, dad.”

For one instant, Naruto didn't know how to feel.

His son who carried on his genes. His son, who said he wanted to learn about his past.

Ahhh, I see.

Naruto softly brushed the top of his son's head, then gathered his chakra and united with Kurama again.

This is being a dad.

He knew he was being imprudent in a time like this, but Naruto was terribly, terribly happy.

Kurama grinned widely.

Kinshiki's giant axe swung downwards, and its blade cut Choujuurou's chest. Choujuurou stumbled, his blood spraying.

"You're cornered now." Kinshiki said.

"Shouldn't that be referring to yourself?" Choujuurou was grinning like a shark.

Kurotsuchi burst out from the ground underneath them, attacking Kinshiki's chest.

"Impudent-!" Kinshiki flew backwards.

Behind him was Sasuke. The sharingan in his right eye had been activated. He was deadly serious.

Sasuke used a chidori with no distance between them.

Nobody could follow those movements.

"Gugh!"

Kinshiki deflected the chidori with his battle axe, but the might of the attack was so great his axe couldn't withstand it, and crumbled.

At that moment, Choujuurou leapt down from the sky. He held an enormous sword in his hand. The whole group was displaying stunningly vibrant cooperation.

"Spineless mongrels!"

In the air, Choujuurou took his beloved sword, Hiraekarei, and detached it so it divided into two swords. The chakra that gathered between them pierced Kinshiki like glowing kunai.

The art of wielding swords was Kirigakure's speciality.

"Guagh!"

Blood spurted out from all over Kinshiki's body. The chakra needles that had spurted out from hiraekarei disrupted his chakra channels. It was a shinobi killing technique unique to Kirigakura that, while it wouldn't kill instantly, would slowly bring death.

But, that was as far as he could go. Choujuurou fell to his knees because of the bleeding he'd suffered from his wound. For a while, it'd be best for him not to move.

As expected, this Kinshiki was no ordinary opponent.

"Tsuchikage!"

"Leave it to me!"

At Sasuke's signal, Kurotsuchi spat out caustic lime from her mouth.

*Lava Release: Ashstone*** Seal!*

“Gu- Gughugh...”

“I’ve restrained this guy!” Kurotsuchi yelled, “Sasuke, you and the Seventh act!”

Sasuke nodded and began to run.

Momoshiki was standing his ground against his two opponents Darui and Gaara. He gathers his chakra into a rod-like shape and defended against all the attacks from Darui’s brute strength to Gaara’s shaep-shifting sand, without letting the slightest opening be breached.

You could call him an expert of the highest class.

“We kept you waiting!” A man yelled.

As expected, the one who would break the equilibrium of this fight was going to be Naruto as usual. He was always a man of the element of surprise.

He hit Momoshiki from the side with an elbow strike and made him stumble

Next he’d make a seal and use a close range attack—or at least that was his intention, however Sasuke inhibited him.

“Naruto, don’t use Ninjutsu against him!”

Of course, Sasuke didn’t just stop Naruto. At the same time, he went around behind Momoshiki and readied a kunai.

Momoshiki turned around in mid-air, intending to fell down Sasuke with one large sweep of his sword, but in Sasuke’s place there was the chakra pillar that Naruto had been restrained to.

It was the Body Replacement jutsu.

It was a bit cliché, but it was an effective technique.

Sasuke appeared from within another shadow.

“You can only release jutsu that you’ve sucked up...right?” He said, “It’s the same trickery as the Scientific Ninja Tool Division’s toy.”

“In that case, we should mainly use Taijutsu and not let you suck up any jutsu.” Darui said.

Gaara continued as he expanded his sand and took control of the air space. “It’s the same as Kaguya, huh.”

In that case, it was a shame they hadn’t brought Rock Lee with them, but, well, it wasn’t bad to show off his taijutsu every now and then.

The four of them were explaining the situation in loud voices so that they could grab Momoshiki’s attention and surround him.

Vexedly, the ogre bit his bottom lip.

“Momoshiki-sama!”

Even though his whole body had been cut up by hiramekarei, Kinshiki forcefully started breaking out of Kurotsuchi's restraints.

Chakra overflowed from his entire body, and his muscles swelled up.

"Haa!" Kinshiki gave a battle cry as he broke from his restraints and blew back Kurotsuchi. But, Kurotsuchi hadn't just been thrown back. She'd thrown all the kunai she had on her to hit Kinshiki's vitals.

She wasn't a woman who was called the Tsuchikage just for show.

"Guugh...!"

"Haa...Haaa..."

Kinshiki's remaining stamina was too precious to put an end to the woman who'd tumbled down in front of his eyes. Hiramekarei and the Ashstone seal that had followed it, they'd destroyed most of Kinshiki's body.

As one would expect...from the skilled ones of this world...I suppose I only have a few minutes left...

Kinshiki understood that the time had come.

He was calmer than he'd thought he'd be.

If he did this, then he'd have succeeded in doing his duty.

His final service.

Momoshiki was cornered.

He could say that he'd fought well against his opponents, Naruto, Sasuke, Gaara, and Darui.

However, the root of his power existed in absorbing the jutsu of others. Taijutsu wasn't something that could be externally released, so it also wasn't something that could be sucked in.

Unfortunately, the four in front of him were shinobi who were extremely first class in taijutsu as well as everything else.

Nngh...

His blood was flowing.

Most humans experienced it, but it was the first time since Momoshiki was born that he had come to a point where he was resigned to death.

A huge spear flew in from outside the circle of opponents.

"Gah!"

Darui, who missed avoiding it, got thrown back holding his shoulder.

And on top of that, a battle axe appeared.

Gaara's shield of sand was able to stop its attack, but because he couldn't cut off the shockwave, he got thrown back.

While he may have been the Absolute Defence, he couldn't convert kinetic energy to zero.

"Naruto!" Sasuke yelled.

Kinshiki, soaked in blood had appeared with a battle cry.

The look on his face was that of a man ready for death.

Naruto's Rasengan and Sasuke's Susanoo pierced him.

And even so, Kinshiki didn't stop.

"GUUUUUUUUUUAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHH!" Kinshiki yelled.

He wrung out every single ounce of chakra in his body and brought out countless weapons.

In the face of his fierce torrent of attacks, even Naruto who'd united with Kurama and Sasuke who'd started operating Susanoo, were both thrown back with a single blow.

This was surely...

This storm of attacks could only be held by those who had decided on death.

Better yet, the fact that not one of Naruto and the others had died in the face of such a series of attacks was undoubtedly proof of their rare prodigy.

And Kinshiki himself understood that was no longer able to kill them with his own attacks.

The two ogres had been too contemptuous towards the world of ninja that had overthrown Ootsutsuki Kaguya.

"Kinshiki."

The flame of Kinshiki's life was in a trodden down state in front of the injured Momoshiki.

However, Kinshiki's expression was peaceful.

That was because this was the law in their clan.

"Come now...Momoshiki-sama." Kinshiki said. "It looks like the time has come for you to eat my chakra as well..."

Momoshiki was staring at him.

There was nothing else he could do.

"It is my duty as your parental role." Kinshiki guided Momoshiki just as he had done in the past. "The only thing I can pass onto you is power...Do not hesitate."

"..."

"Just as my parental role once entrusted his power to me....now I do to you."

"...Of course." Momoshiki extended his right hand towards Kinshiki.

The time had come.

Sucking up the power of jutsu from its very foundation.

It was given from parental role to child.

Chakra was no more than their clan's property.

They had to use it in the most efficient manner.

There was nothing more to it than that.

"GUAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

Kinshiki let out a dreadful scream.

His soul was being sucked into Momoshiki.

Kinshiki dried up and rotted away.

Inside Momoshiki's hand, there appeared several cinnabar pancea pills. The compensation.

"You...to your comrade, you....!"

"You demon...!"

Naruto and Sasuke had gotten to their feet.

What do you understand? Momoshiki thought, but saying that out loud would only insult Kinshiki's resolution.

There was only one way to repay him.

"The transfer of power...that is our clan's law." Momoshiki said, and ate the cinnabar pancea pills that had been created from Kinshiki.

The colour of his flesh changed. Chakra spurted out from all over his body.

"From the very beginning, this star was the our Ootsutsuki's seedplot!" He yelled, "Come now, the time for all the chakra to be eaten has come!"

He was truly an ogre.

Those who would eat the soul of someone who'd been like a father couldn't be anything other than an ogre.

That was their law.

Momoshiki, who had passed from being an ogre into a comrade-eating fiend and transformed into a inhumane demon, began to suck in the chakra from his surroundings.

He was even draining the chakra that was beyond the parallel dimension he'd made. Sasuke could clearly see the stream with his rinnegan.

It could mean only one thing.

"Don't tell me he's...!"

"Aa. He plans to indiscriminately eat up all of this star's chakra."

They couldn't allow such a thing to happen.

This wasn't a problem of scrambling for the bijuu anymore.

This was a question of whether mankind who lived on this star would be able to greet tomorrow.

“There will be destruction.”

Momoshiki released raging fire from his left hand.

That fire took on the form of a huge monkey and dog.

It was plain to see that this was due to the power he'd absorbed from the ogre Kinshiki.

However, Naruto and Sasuke weren't ordinary shinobi.

They were a pair from the legendary Team 7.

If they worked together,
there wasn't a thing they
couldn't accomplish.

image

Naruto's Rasengan and Sasuke's Chidori cut the fire animals to pieces and headed towards Momoshiki.

“OOOOOO!”

Momoshiki was standing his ground too.

He charged towards the two heroes with a giant crowbar of chakra.

Boruto only watched.

Up until now, this was something he'd only heard about in rumours. Something he'd decided to learn about.

However, knowing something and seeing it are two different things. Being there, and seeing real adults, real pros at work was different.

Right now, Boruto was deeply experiencing that feeling.

Kinshiki noticed that he was being curbed.

Shockingly, the power inside him that he'd absorbed from Kinshiki which should've been his trump card was insufficient.

No, that wasn't it.

He had no choice but to acknowledge it. The men in front of his eyes...were strong.

If it was one on one, he would be able to keep up.

But these two men weren't a case of 'one plus one equals two'. They'd long passed any calculation like that.

The two were one shinobi. Like light and dark, the sun and moon. It was as if their power was born from their souls being in correlation.

Two opposing forces that created everything in nature.

The two men were the very embodiment of that ancient legend passed down through the Uchiha.

If they'd kept fighting like that, the pair likely would have overpowered Momoshiki.

However it is a constant truth that a human's heart causes unexpected events to occur.

In this case, in this moment, that was a great help to Momoshiki.

"There he is! That's the monster that attacked the Chuunin Exams!"

Katasuke, with Gauntlets strapped onto both his arms, stormed into the scene with his subordinates.

They likely sneaked in when Sasuke and the others had stormed through the gate. It was an action befitting a ninja, in these circumstances, Katasuke and the others could be called nothing other than buffoons.

"Let's make sure to record this Scientific Ninja Tools power on camera! This is the best chance to show its appeal!" Katasuke yelled, and readied his gauntlets.

Unfortunately, because Naruto and the others were concentrating so intensely on Momoshiki's superhuman movements, they were one moment too late in noticing Katasuke's existence.

"Take this!! Revenge for last time!!"

Countless ninjutsu were thrown out of Katasuke's gauntlet. Fire release, water release, wood release, lightning release, and the Rasengan. Every now and then hidden jutsu that had been collected from Konoha's clans were fired towards Momoshiki as well.

No...they were practically offered up to him on a silver platter.

Momoshiki's right hand sucked up every single one of the jutsu.

"I'll give you my thanks for this, you buffoons!" Momoshiki bellowed.

He amplified the jutsu he sucked up, using the extra chakra he gained from eating the cinnabar panacea leftover from Kinshiki.

"Here, receive it!" Momoshiki roared, "A token of my gratitude!"

Jutsu rained on them as if the world was ending.

Crimson flames, lightning that split heaven and earth, absolute zero degree blizzard, a downpour of meteorites. They threw back Katasuke and them first.

"Take cover!"

Gaara's shield of sand barely managed to shield Choujuurou and the others.

Momoshiki fired an amplified version of the Kageshibari. It restrained the Gokage, including Naruto. It was the jutsu that Momoshiki has sucked up from Shikamaru in the earlier battle. He'd been saving it as a trump card till now.

The pitch black shadow covered everything.

It was the darkness of despair.

"Thi- this is...!" Boruto grew afraid of the approaching shadow.

Thanks to the Rinnegan, Sasuke was able to escape danger and grab Boruto as well, leaping up into the air.

In front of their eyes, two, three rods of chakra pierced through Naruto.

"I've got to keep a close eye on you!" momoshiki roared, a demonic expression on his face.

"Dad!"

"It's okay...!"

His stomach and legs had been pierced.

No matter how you thought about, there was not way it was okay.

If he hadn't been bonded to Kurama at the time, the injury would've given him an instant death.

"Don't lose your presence of mind." Sasuke said, putting an arm around Boruto's shoulder.

"Eh...occhan."

"From now on, do exactly as I say." Sasuke ordered.

His eyes were earnest and serious. He wasn't being biased, wasn't flattering anyone. They were the eyes of a man believing in another man.

"Be happy." Sasuke said. "This is your first A rank mission."

"I won't kill the fox...but, the others are a nuisance."

A rasengan appeared in Momoshiki's left palm. It was originally Konohamaru's rasengan that Katasuke had copied and fired, however the size and amount of chakra loaded into it now had a huge difference. Even Naruto's Big Ball Rasengan was surpassed by far.

"Guh..."

Sand that was full of his mother's spirit floated around the restrained Gaara, but even that would likely be torn away by the rasengan.

"This is the end." Momoshiki said.

This was a rasengan that was full of Kinshiki's soul.

Momoshiki believed there was no way it wouldn't utterly destroy the Gokage.

Sasuke had expanded his Susanoo, and was brining Boruot along with him as he soared through the sky.

"Now's the time! Just like I told you to, throw your rasengan his way!!"

"I...can I really..."

Boruto still didn't believe he could really do something.

His own power.

His own power, without any help from others.

Could something like that really be of any use in a battlefield like this?

Perhaps Sasuke sensed his anxiety. He calmly spoke.

“Believe in your teacher. This is why I brought you here in the first place.”

Just like before, those words weren't lies.

Even if Boruto couldn't believe in himself, he thought that he could try believing in those words.

/Rasengan!

image

Boruto's Rasengan flew.

The rasengan that left his palm had an added nature transformation of wind release, and the fact that Boruto could do that without anyone having taught him was a sign of his genius.

The problem was its size. Boruto's rasengan wasn't even the size of a small ball. It couldn't even be compared to Momoshiki's.

“Something like this...” Momoshiki opened his right hand with the intention of sucking it up.

But, with a fizzle, the Rasengan disappeared right in front of his eyes.

Just as Momoshiki opened his mouth to sneer at how this was all they had, a terrible shock assaulted his entire body.

Excluding Sasuke and Boruto, everyone had their breath taken away.

Momoshiki himself, who had been taken by surprise and flung back, had no idea what had happened.

He only knew one thing. He'd lost his maintenance of the Kageshibari.

In that gap of time, Sasuke succeeded in swooping down next to Naruto.

“What is this....!?” Naruto couldn't believe what he'd just seen. “When did you learn the Rasengan?! Such a hard technique-”

“Heheh...” Boruto had now, finally, understood that his own hard work had true significance.

If he showed off this Rasengan properly, then even if he couldn't beat Shikadai, he'd definitely receive genuine praise for it.

“On top of that, it's a rasengan that disappears when his nature transformation abruptly kicks in.”

The only one who had been able to understand that was Sasuke.

Was it an innate disposition, or the bloodline he'd inherited from Naruto and Hinata? It was most likely just a strange habit.

Either way, it was a jutsu unique to Boruto alone.

“However, this power isn’t enough to defeat me.”

Momoshiki was getting up, an indignant expression on his face. He ate more cinnabar panacea, his skin now turning black as pitch night.

“Boruto, one more shot.” Sasuke said, cool-headedly.

Gaara and the others had tided over the previous attack, but they were completely exhausted. There was no one else to finish things but them.

“...But my Rasengan is...”

“It’s okay, so do as Sasuke says...” His dad softly said, maybe because he’d understood what Boruto was thining.

His dad believed he could do it.

He believed in him.

Him.

That made Boruto unbearably happy.

“...O-okay!”

Boruto and Momoshiki both started to create a rasengan.

They were both using their greatest techniques.

The injured Naruto reached out and touched Boruto’s right hand. Using that touch as a connection, Naruto made Boruto’s rasengan grow larger and larger.

“Th- this is...!”

It was dreadfully large.

Terribly warm.

Incredibly heavy.

It felt like the whole of the harsh life that his dad had lived up until now.

The rasengan was full of everything that made up his father.

“To be able to do this much...just how much did you...” Boruto said.

Tears slipped out his eyes.

He couldn’t stop them.

It wasn’t out of sadness or anger.

They were hot tears of a boy who’d become a man.

“!”

Sasuke gave a battle cry, and began to run forwards.

He had a chidori in his hand.

“Diiiie!” Momoshiki drew out his rasengan.

He was intending to get rid of Sasuke and the chidori.

However, at that moment.

“I don’t feel like losing.” Boruto said.

He and Sasuke’s positions got swapped by the Rinnegan.

“Not smart...!! I’ll just eat your jutsu up!!” Momoshiki said. He had calculated for this.

He reached out his hand to suck up Boruto’s rasengan.

However.

“!”

Boruto disappeared again.

And he appeared behind Momoshiki.

It was thanks to Sasuke. Sasuke had read ahead by one move, and used his Rinnegan so he could bring Boruto behind Momoshiki’s back.

It was a terrifying, schemer’s technique.

“UOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!”

The giant rasengan in Boruto’s hand pressed down on Momoshiki.

“Kuh!”

Momoshiki met the attack with his own.

The two Rasengans collided.

The boy who had gained his father’s power, and the boy who had eaten his father.

Their clash broke apart the stone in their surroundings and ripped up the earth.

Just when it looked like the collision could last forever, the two rasengans suddenly disappeared.

“Ha...haha...a draw, is it?! However, you don’t have any more chakra! A rasengan isn’t something you can infinitely go on creating! Now I just need to use the jutsu I sucked up and...!”

Momoshiki laughed.

Or rather, he had intended to laugh.

His consciousness suddenly turned white.

Boruto’s rasengan, which had only looked like it disappeared, swallowed Momoshiki whole.

The ogre had misread the situation.

The rasengan that Boruto had thrown wasn't Naruto's rasengan.

His father had only lent him some power.

To the very end, the rasengan had been using Boruto's technique.

That was why this was Boruto's victory.

Uzumaki Boruto had accomplished it.

-

The two men were smiling slightly as they looked at Naruto's back in the light of the rising sun.

"...This time, it's my win." Sasuke said.

"...nn?"

"...The nature of shinobi doesn't change...even in your kid."

Naruto looked at Boruto once more.

The sight of his son's back. He was wearing tattered clothes, just like him.

Boruto...that's right...I'm different from my dad's time...I'm a Hokage that's here right now. That's exactly why from now on...I'll keep watching over you as you grow.

*This, as you may have guessed, is [a Shougi strategy](#). Never change Shikamaru, never change.

** There's a Japanese saying which literally says 'If you don't meet a young man for three days, observe them closely', and refers to how young boys grow up and change so quickly.

*** I believe this could be referring to greystone ie volcanic rock, but there's no such entry in the dictionaries I've looked up, so I'm going ahead with the literal translation.

A lil' shipping never hurts



web.archive.org/web/20160307155446/http://cacatuasulphureacitrinocristata.tumblr.com/post/130861989406/boruto-the-movie-nov

Boruto the Movie Novelization, epilogue

Translator's Note: And now my promise is kept, ahah. I hope everyone enjoyed reading this novel with me, and I hope that we all, Naruto and myself included, can have a nice rest every now and then, and give some time to our families.

As always, if you like the chapter, [please consider buying a copy of the novel to support the original author](#). And for anyone wondering about movie differences, please see [here](#).

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Epilogue

A number of days had passed.

In the middle of the morning light, Boruto was playing games as usual.

He was starting from the first level, with a new character.

Beside him, his still-bandaged mother was mending his clothes. It was the jacket that had gotten tattered when he'd protected Sarada.

Next to his mother, his dad was reading the newspaper, as well as being a partner for Himawari's playfulness.

"...Mom." Boruto said, "You can just leave it like that."

"Eh?"

"It's cool like that."

Boruto's character inside the game died. It was Game Over. Well, that was part of playing.

Next, he had to go apologise to Shikadai and the others, and ask them to keep him company while levelling up.

"Mom, I mean my jacket! I'm heading out now, so I need it!"

Boruto grabbed his tattered jacket, and exited the house.

Hinata watched him go with a very, very content look on her face.

It was the usual scenery of heading out to work.

It was the same road as always.

But, inside Boruto, everything felt like it had changed.

"Boruto, are you going on a mission after this?" Naruto asked from next to him with a grin.

"Yeah..." Boruto replied, and said sincerely, "Dad, you too, do your best with work."

"I will!"

The two of them both reached out at the same time, and bumped their fists together.

And then, they both leapt towards their own directions and took off.

Just that was a terribly happy thing.

Starting the Chuunin Exams over from scratch was a lot of trouble.

While the true identities of Momoshiki and Kinshiki were going to be investigated without pause while Sasuke, redoing the everything from the last exam was going to be a lot of work, even when it came to just arranging the line up of examiners.

"Redoing the Chuunin Exams is going to be troublesome as expected." Shikamaru said in the middle of the Hokage office. He was making an openly annoyed face, and smoking a cigarette. "Definitely not gonna be able to go home tonight."

"It's been decided how Katasuke will be dealt with, too." He continued, "Well, a demotion and punishment...perfectly valid stuff. If he turns over a new leaf, then he'll be allowed to work with his colleagues again. I'm not gonna let him be in peace. He's gonna be worked to the bone."

"He better properly take on the missions from the genin!" Naruto laughed, and looked down at his schedule packed to the brim with plans.

"Speaking of..." Naruto said, "I thought about this a bit and...well, I'm the Hokage and the Hokage is the leader so... would it be okay if...I got to decide on a vacation?"

"...Have you...been listening to anything I said...?" Shikamaru stared at Naruto with a stunned look on his face, cigarette smoke drifting out his mouth.

"...No chance, huh....?"

"Just two days." Shikamaru said.

He was doing Naruto a big favour.

'...so basically, it was something that I was taught really well.'

Boruto was projected on the TV at Naruto's side.

Since that incident, Boruto had become a young hero. Society was a fickle thing, so the booing event was totally waved off, and now everyone was praising the young hero who'd put himself at risk by facing unknown invaders to atone for his wrong-doings.

'While still a genin, you became a reason, alongside the Gokage, that the Ninja World was saved from a major crisis. Was your reason for becoming so within what you were taught?'

Boruto proudly nodded. He probably felt awkward in front of the pretty newscaster. Well, Naruto could understand that.

'What do you think is the most important thing for a shinobi?'

'Teamwork and willpower!'

'I see! That's lovely.'

'It's what my dad said though...' Boruto gave an embarrassed grin.

Next to Naruto, Shikamaru said "That look of his is just like you," but Naruto ignored him.

"He's supposed to say the Seventh there, not dad! He knows that, and yet-"

On the screen, Boruto pointed at his head.

'...Not just here...' He said, and moved his thumb to point at his body, his tattered clothes.

Ah...

Naruto finally understood that his words had gotten through.

'It's meaningful if you make sure your body understands it too.' Boruto said.

'I see. Then, what about we hear your enthusiasm for the re-opening of the Chuunin Exams?'

'This time, I'll do things right!!'

On the screen, Boruto's tiny rasengan shone brightly.

Boruto, Sarada, and Mitsuki were looking down at the village from the top of the Hokage Monument.

Konohamaru was going to herd the target towards them soon.

"Since then, you've really become popular, showing up in the news and on tv, you've gotten really busy, huh, Boruto." Mitsuki said.

He wasn't being sarcastic. He was just stating the facts.

"Even though you cheated..." Sarada grumbled, giving Boruto a sharp side glance.

He couldn't even begin to count how many times he'd heard her say that if things were going to turn out like this, she should've just jumped through the gate to help her dad too.

"I've already apologised for that countless times, haven't I?" Boruto said, "Cut me some slack!"

The Boruto that was projected on the tv screen in the street suddenly disappeared with a poof.

"Kage Bunshin..." Sarada muttered. "...Then are you really the original?!"

"Obviously I am!" Boruto snapped.

"Please do things well this time, both of you. Boruto, you're the Seventh's son, and the Fourth's grandson..."

"...Hey...Boruto." Maybe those words had caused some thought to occur to Sarada, because now she was staring intently at the boy. "About becoming the Hokage, you too..."

"About becoming the Hokage, I..."

"You?"

Sarada's eyes were watching him intently.

This time, Boruto didn't feel timid, or ashamed.

It was because he'd finally understood what he wanted to become.

What he wanted to be, so he could be himself and throw out his chest in front of her.

"I don't wanna be the Hokage!"

"Eh!?"

"?!"

Sarada obviously goggled, and even Mitsuki's eyes grew wide.

"I'll just..." Boruto said to Sarada. "When you become Hokage, I'll be a support-role for you... I'll protect you well!"

Sarada turned bright red.

"E- e- eh?"

"For me, the Hokage's just a rail. Just because my grandpa and dad were Hokage, doesn't mean that I'll go down the same road as them, yknow!"

Boruto glanced down at his father's face carved in the rock beneath his feet, and the face of his grandparent carved next to him.

"Sarada...my goal is to be a shinobi like your dad! I'll go down my own ninja way!"

Boruto's eyes were blue and shining.

They were the same colour as the morning sky.

Sarada had always been looking at those eyes.

Sasuke looked over the two of them, and gave a smile that he never showed anyone but Sakura. Then, he disappeared into the darkness again.

"You two are sure getting along well huh...I'd appreciate it if you gave my parent some respect too yknow."

Perhaps Mitsuki had gotten tired of his team-mates playing about. His words were sarcastic this time.

"Speaking of, we never heard who your parent was huh...who in the world is he?"

"Wha? I didn't tell you?" Mitsuki tilted his head. "...He's called Orochimaru."

"!!"

Sarada's facial expression changed.

It was natural. That name held deep connections to the Uchiha family.

"Who?" Boruto was the only one at a loss.

“...Uhh...you’re saying you’re...that Orochimaru’s...son?” Sarada asked

“Yup.”

“Is he...your papa? Or, your mama?”

“Huh?” Boruto was totally at a loss.

“Well, it’s fine either way, isn’t it.” Mitsuki said, shrugging.

“Who in the world is Orochimaru?!” Boruto yelled, “Whaddya mean either way is fine?!”

“Calm down now. Look, the target’s come.”

A brutal panda bear was rampaging down main street, the decoy Konohamaru luring it in....or rather, just plain being chased by it.

“Looks like that panda that escaped from the zoo is causing chaos!!”

“No, it’s definitely a bear!!”

Pandemonium was taking place below.

“Let’s go, Boruto, Mitsuki!”

“Yeah!”

“Yes!”

The three of them took off.

They were heading towards the future.

Their future, which nobody else decided.